

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 237.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is despatched by the early Coaches to Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and other large Towns, and reaches Liverpool for distribution on Sunday Morning, twelve hours before papers sent by the post. For the convenience of persons residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

MANUFACTURES.

Being an Article under that Title, from the Pen of Mr. Babbage, in Parts 22 and 33 of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'

This article is deserving of more than ordinary public attention, and therefore it is that we must express our regret that the circulation is limited to the costly publication in which it appears. Had it been published separately, and in a cheap form, its usefulness would have been very much extended.

We, who live in the midst of manufactures, in a high state of improvement, pass them over as matters of indifference; but if we were to be deprived of them, our existence would be rendered comparatively miserable: and were it possible for a man who lived in the seventeenth century to get a peep at England in the nineteenth, he would fancy himself in a land of enchantment. To say that all the human beings now living in the world, could not do as much for promoting human comfort as England does by means of her implements of manufacture, would be saying but little; for there are many single manufactures, to which the unassisted natural powers of man, whatever were their numbers, would be wholly inadequate. But we must allow Mr. Babbage to state these advantages in his own way.—The following are his opening sentences:

"There is perhaps no single circumstance which distinguishes our country so remarkably from all others, as the vast extent to which we have carried our contrivances of tools and machines for forming all those conveniences, of which so large a quantity is consumed by almost every class of the community. The amount of patient thought, of repeated experiment, of happy exertion of genius, by which our manufactures have been created and carried to their present excellence, is scarcely to be imagined. If we look around the rooms we inhabit, or through those storehouses of every convenience, of every luxury that man can desire, which deck the crowded streets of our larger cities, we shall find in the history of each article, of every fabric, a series of failures which have gradually led the way to excellence; and we shall notice, in the art of making the most insignificant processes calculated to excite our admiration by their simplicity, or to rivet our attention by their unlooked-for results.

"The accumulation of skill and science which has been directed to diminish the difficulty of the production of manufactured goods, has not been beneficial to that country only in which it is concentrated: distant kingdoms have participated in its advantages. The luxurious natives of the east, and the ruder inhabitants of the African desert, are alike indebted to our looms. The produce of our factories seems to have preceded even our most enterprising travellers. The cotton of India

is conveyed by British ships round half our planet, to be woven by British skill in the factories of Lancashire. It is again set in motion by British capital, and transported to the very plains whereon it grew; it is repurchased by the lords of the soil which gave it birth, at a cheaper price than that at which their coarser machinery will enable them to manufacture it themselves."

The first chapter is devoted to a summary of mechanical principles. It is a mere catalogue, of course; but very clear and very striking. The three uses of machinery and manufactures are, "the addition which they make to human power; the economy of human time; and the conversion of substances apparently the most common and most worthless into valuable products."

The principal illustration of the first, is the moving of a block of stone. It is found, that when the stone is placed on a wooden platform, and drawn along a wooden floor, with rollers only three inches in diameter between, one fiftieth of the weight which would be required to drag it on the surface of the floor, is sufficient to move it along: so that by this very simple contrivance, one man can do the work of fifty.

The illustrations of the second are, the improved glazier's diamond, and gunpowder; but it is obvious that illustrations might be taken without limit.

We shall quote a portion of the illustration of the third:—

"Instances of the production of valuable matter, from the most worthless materials, are constantly occurring. The skins used by the gold-beaters are produced from the offal of animals: The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful yellow crystallized salt, which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and iron coal-scuttles, traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish, for the use of the trunk-maker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico-printers."

The use of tools is illustrated by a reference to the manufacture and arranging of needles, hob-nails, &c.; and then follow some observations on the nature and application of power. The speculations on the velocity which water acquires, in consequence of the different rates at which it moves, at different heights above the earth's surface, strikes us as somewhat ludicrous. Mr. Babbage himself admits that it is very small.

"It (falling water) will, therefore," says he, "accelerate, although to an almost infinitesimal extent, the earth's daily rotation."

These words are not very clear, and we wish Mr. Babbage had inserted the word "only," after the word "although." Indeed, the matter at issue is one that admits of doubt, if it were worth while to doubt about it; for rivers that run west, must neutralize the effect of those that run east, and those that run north or south can have no effect.

Mr. Babbage does not, however, linger long on such matters. He goes on to illustrate the accumulating of power by means of fly-wheels, and weights let fall from a height. Then comes the regulation of power by the centrifugal governor, by dampers, by vanes, and other contrivances. After that, instances are given of the increasing of velocity, in which large and small wheels, tilt hammers, and others contrivances, are mentioned. Next comes the diminution of velocity, as it occurs in roasting-jacks and many other instruments. Allied to that, is the extending of a quickly-accumulated power over a long time, as in the winding up of clocks and watches, in which the work of a few seconds or minutes lasts for a day or a week.

The next division is the accelerating of natural operations; which is well illustrated by the modern methods of tanning and bleaching. Combinations of power are next treated of, and perhaps Bramah's hydraulic press is as striking an illustration as could be given.

That is followed by a very short notice of the performance of operations "too delicate for human touch." We wish that Mr. Babbage had said nothing about the delicacy of human touch; for we have seen line ruling by the hand which was performed by the touch alone, without any assistance from the eyes, and which yet produced several millions of squares in the inch. Machinery is all very well, but it cannot come in comparison with the hand, until man shall be possessed of the skill of the hand-maker. The registering of operations, or work done, by means of machinery, is illustrated by references to steam-engines, coining-presses, and other contrivances.

The economy of materials is the next, and a very important branch of the subject, though, perhaps, more striking illustrations than the sawing of planks, and the making of printers' types, might have been given. Printing types and punches are, however, good illustrations of the similarity of copies of the same work; and turning is probably the best instance of accuracy.

The different modes of copying are among the happiest and the most economical processes in the arts. Mr. Babbage reduces them

to five methods of exact copying, and two of copying with altered forms.

The methods of exact copying are, printing, casting, moulding, stamping, and punching; and the varying ones are, "elongation," and altering the dimensions. These arts of copying are the most important of any, and to them, more perhaps than to anything else, we are indebted for the abundance and cheapness of our comforts.

The various modes of printing from hollows, copper and steel plates, music, calico, and stencilling, are briefly, but clearly, defined. Then come the more important operations of printing from surfaces,—wood-blocks, moveable types, stereotypes, calico-blocks, and oil-cloth printing. The printing of paper-hangings is nearly allied to the last of these; but it should have been enumerated. Then follow short notices of letter-copying, printing on china, and lithographic printing. The second of these is generally printing from engraved copper; but still it is not the copper, but coarse paper printed from the copper, which is applied to the china.

Copying by casting is of course done by substances that can be rendered fluid, and which afterwards become solid. Metals, plaster (sulphate of lime), and wax, are those chiefly used. The metallic castings, in iron and brass especially, that are produced in England, are truly wonderful; and it is scarcely possible to calculate the manual labour which would have been necessary to prepare the whole. How many years, for instance, would it take a man with hand tools to make a cannon, or one of those cast-iron corinthian capitals which can be purchased for a few shillings! The pipes that convey water and gas through London, would have employed all England for a century, if there had been nothing but hammer and tongs.

Moulding is the next mode of copying. It is applied to substances which, though soft, are not fluid—brick-making, embossed china, various kinds of glass, works in horn, embossing on cloth and leather, in metals, and in various other arts, some of them exceedingly curious, and all of them calculated to reduce the price of articles.

Stamping has reference chiefly to metals; and is exemplified in coining, button-making, and many other operations. The following account of Clichéé may be new to some of our readers:—

"This curious method of copying by stamping is applied to medals, and, in some cases, to forming stereotype plates. There exists a range of temperature previous to the melting point of several of the alloys of lead, tin, and antimony, in which the compound is neither solid nor yet fluid. In this kind of pasty state it is placed in a box under a die, which descends upon it with considerable force. The blow drives the metal into the finest lines of the die, and the coldness of the latter immediately solidifies the whole mass. A quantity of the half-melted metal is driven about by the blow in all directions, and is retained by the sides of the box in which the process is carried on. The work thus produced is admirable for its sharpness; but it has not the finished form of a piece just leaving the coining press. The sides are ragged, and it must be trimmed, and its thickness equalized in the lathe."

Punching is employed only on solid substances; and the punch is adapted either for making holes or cutting out pieces, according

to the effect desired. Some of these operations are wonderful; and none more so than printers' types, the moulds for the faces of which are struck in copper plates by steel punches.

Copying by elongation, includes many valuable departments of art, such as the drawing of wires, of tubes, of leaden pipes, and the rolling of iron.

Copying with altered dimensions, contains also some very curious operations. They proceed generally upon the principle of similar triangles. The pentograph, the lathe, and the screw, are the chief instruments; and some of the results are highly ornamental. But we must close this notice: Mr. Babbage's paper is valuable for the information it conveys, and more valuable for the desire of information, which it cannot fail to excite in all who have the pleasure of reading it. We hope shortly to notice the continuation article: the subject is one of great public interest, and it is treated in a masterly manner by Mr. Babbage. Unfortunately, his essay is not accessible except at the cost of an Encyclopædia; and, therefore, our readers have an especial right to require from us a comprehensive notice of it.

The Way to get Married. By the Author of the 'Book of Economy.' London, 1832. Thomas.

We happen to have, amongst our female acquaintance, an unusual proportion of spinsters. Half our she-friends, two-thirds of our sisters, three-fourths of our cousins, and all our aunts, are single women. Why the poor things should be so neglected, has oft-times puzzled us—but the author of 'The Way to get Married' has opened our eyes, and we have been able to trace each separate mischance to its source. Our gentle Jemima was none of the termagant, who "thumps the piano when compelled to practise—boxes her younger brother, and bruises the nursery-maid." She was mild as milk, and a very angel in the eyes of Mr. John Robinson, till he saw her in chintz:—

"A frown, a night-cap, curl-papers, a morning gown, a peeping petticoat, or a stay-lace—will put your swain as he enters, upon thinking; from thinking he will proceed to comparison; from comparing to weigh; and, before you can exclaim 'Jack Robinson!' you may kick the beam!" p. 25.

No one could talk of Rebecca as "a slattern till company is expected, and then she all at once becomes a very virago at her toilette." She was quakerlike even in her neatness—but then she looked silly at a syllogism, and was dumbfounded by Baralip-ton:—

"What is CONVERSATION then? Why, it is that faculty, which in its best state, can only result from a patient self-examination. As a guide to this task, read Watts's Logic!"

Susan was, and is, the best private singer we know. She never "affects to play, but really screams a song," as our author deprecates. She was as modest as melodious, and might have married a schoolmaster; but she suffered herself to be at home to him every Wednesday and Saturday, his half-holidays.

"I would have you limit your Lover gradually, to seeing you one day in the week."

The case of Juliet was still harder. She gave up her doll for a dangler, and loved

through two whole Olympiads—but with less luck than the author's little friend:—

"I have known a very sweet little girl of ten years of age receive the visits of a Lover whose age was twenty: after a courtship of eight years they were married."

The marriage of poor Juliet was broken off abruptly,—and certainly none of our readers could guess the cause of the catastrophe. She played at chess it is true—but she did not make a move from white to black in her beau's eye:—

"CARDS create disputes; and as to CHESS, I have known a young gentleman go home with a swollen eye and a bleeding nose, after a long contest."

Neither did she imitate the author's Miss Hoyden, who "twitches Mr. Magog's pigtail, treads on her father's corn and grinds it, and puts a pin in Miss Shufflebustle's chair." She never played "Love's Young Dream" in a wrong key:—

"As it respects your more sensible swain, remember, that some keys bewitch in a higher degree than others; always hit the right one; at all events never let it be a bone of contention!"

She never reminded her sweetheart of the "Até of your house and home,—the follower of an Arab tent—a drag at the heels of gipsies—or the Semiramis of Billingsgate!"—The cause of the rupture—Ods pippins and codlings! what a cause!—was a hard-hearted russeting. For a farthing apple, rather stony at the core, this Capulet lost her *Montague*!

"I remember, when on a visit in the country, the circumstance of a young gentleman who liked every thing soft. An egg every morning, boiled by the elder of the young ladies (who managed the house) exactly two minutes and a half, won his heart, aye every inch. (The jokes of the company on this occasion might be called egg-flip!)—Well, every thing throve admirably for a month, when, O ye Gods! an apple-dumpling, of which the fruit was as hard as granite, made its appearance at the dinner-table! He became petrified to the core; and broke off the match instantaneously."

Let our fair readers take these warnings if they wish to walk prosperously in the 'Way to get Married.' Having extracted the whole juice of the work, to advise any one to purchase the rind and the pulp would be paying too bad a compliment to the 'Book of Economy,' and the 'Way to get Money,' by the same Author.

Contarini Fleming. 4 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

THE author calls this novel a psychological autobiography: he might as well have called it a psychological curiosity, for it is certainly a very singular work. We have heard of an ailing man, who, despairing to find in one medicine a cure for his many complaints, collected together all manner of drugs and powders, heated them over a slow fire, and distilled an essence from the whole, which gave the relief he desired: in like manner our author has extracted, as it were, the square root of many a wild kind of work, such as England and Germany readily afford, and applied it to the composition before us. The result is, a sort of feverish style, which offends twice where it pleases once: there is no repose; all is convulsed and agitated. Having settled the style to his liking, the

author's next labour was to find a hero to match, and as such was not likely to be found in nature, he called on fancy to create one. Fauconberg, Hotspur—nay, Maximin himself, are men of frost and snow compared to Contarini Fleming; the motions of a will-o-wisp are fixed matters of rule, in reference to his. Had William Gifford lived in these days, how he would have rejoiced in the dissection of the writer of this psychological autobiography: to catch one who transgressed against all the literary commandments of the *Quarterly Review* would have delighted his spirit: he would have cut him into as many thongs as Dido did the bull's hide with which she meted out the ground plan of Carthage. We have heard and read of sundry wild youths—all impulse, imagination, and fire—but none like Contarini. He is madly in love at seven with one eight years older than himself—a poet at ten—a painter at twelve—captain of a band of dandy robbers at sixteen—author of a romance embodying his own acts at seventeen—a Secretary of State at eighteen—a Count and Minister at nineteen—a husband at twenty—a widower at twenty-one—and a hairbrained creature always.

Wild and extravagant as the work is, it nevertheless abounds in fine passages—in noble sentiments—in high speculations—knowledge of the human heart—and much that is truly eloquent. The impulses which the hero obeys are impulses of heaven, but he carries them too far—he never stops at the winning-post—his aim is virtue, and his end folly—he is as restless as a feather in an eddy, and whirls and dances about, embracing all opinions and abiding by none. All this aids, no doubt, in the picturesque; but it wearies the reader, who longs for a reposeful place, and wishes to see the hero during a lucid interval. In short, a work so wild and so wise—so grotesque and so beautiful—so natural and so unnatural—it has not been our luck lately to encounter. To follow the hero through his delta of a career, is impossible: we prefer giving a few extracts, to writing a description of his sayings, and doings, and wanderings in Germany, and Italy, and Spain, and Turkey, and Egypt, and Cælo Syria.

Contarini is the only son of a first marriage, and, though beloved by his father, he is less the object of his step-mother's regard; it must be owned that she disliked him for fair reasons—he was an intractable child.

"My quiet inaction gained me the reputation of stupidity.—In vain they endeavoured to conceal from me their impression. I read it in their looks; in their glances of pity full of learned discernment, in their telegraphic exchanges of mutual conviction. At last, in a moment of irritation, the secret broke from one of my white brothers. I felt that the urchin spoke truth, but I cut him to the ground. He ran howling and yelping to his dam. I was surrounded by the indignant mother and the domestic police. I listened to their agitated accusations, and palpitating threats of punishment, with sullen indifference. I offered no defence. I courted their vengeance. It came in the shape of imprisonment. I was conducted to my room, and my door was locked on the outside. I answered the malignant sound by bolting it in the interior. I remained there two days deaf to all their intreaties, without sustenance, feeding only upon my vengeance. Each fresh visit was an additional triumph. I never answered: I never moved. Demands of apology were exchanged

for promises of pardon: promises of pardon were in turn succeeded by offers of reward. I gave no sign. I heard them stealing on tiptoe to the portal, full of horrible alarm, and even doubtful of my life. I scarcely would breathe. At length the door was burst open, and in rushed the half-fainting Baroness, and a posse of servants, with the children clinging to their nurses' gowns. Planted in the most distant corner, I received them with a grim smile. I was invited away. I refused to move. A man-servant advanced and touched me. I stamped, I gnashed my teeth, I gave a savage growl, that made him recoil with dread. The Baroness lost her remaining presence of mind, withdrew with her train, and was obliged to call in my father, to whom all was for the first time communicated.

"I heard his well-known step upon the stair. I beheld the face that never looked upon me without a smile, if in carelessness, still, still a smile. Now it was grave, but sad, not harsh.

"Contarini," he said, in a serious, but not angry voice, 'what is all this?'

"I burst into a wild cry. I rushed to his arms. He pressed me to his bosom. He tried to kiss away the flooding tears, that each embrace called forth more plentifully. For the first time in my life I felt happy, because, for the first time in my life, I felt loved." i. 14–17.

Of his early susceptibility take the following specimen: the author seems to have had Lord Byron in his eye both here and hereafter in the narrative:—

"I saw there was an unusual bustle in the house. Servants were running to and fro doing nothing, doors were slammed, and there was much calling. I stole into the room unperceived. It was a new comer. They were all standing around a beautiful girl expanding into prime womanhood, and all talking at the same time. There was also much kissing.

"It appeared to me that there could not be a more lovely being than the visitor. She was dressed in a blue riding-coat, with a black hat, which had fallen off her forehead. Her full chestnut curls had broken loose. Her rich cheek glowed with the excitement of the meeting, and her laughing eyes sparkled with social love.

"I gazed upon her unperceived. She must have been at least eight years my senior. This idea crossed me not then. I gazed upon her unperceived, and it was fortunate, for I was entranced. I could not move or speak. My whole system changed. My breath left me. I panted with great difficulty. The colour fled from my cheek, and I was sick from the blood rushing to my heart.

"I was seen, I was seized, I was pulled forward. I bent down my head. They lifted it up, drawing back my curls; they lifted it up covered with blushes. She leant down, she kissed me—Oh! how unlike the dull kisses of the morning. But I could not return her embrace; I nearly swooned upon her bosom. She praised, in her good nature, the pretty boy, and the tone in which she spoke made me doubly feel my wretched insignificance." i. 23–5.

After conquering his step-mother in a skirmish of tongues, he carried his wayward temper to school, where it soon furnished his hands with employment. He was not, however, always either fighting or studying—he was sometimes raving—he imagined himself in love with Mary Magdalen!

"Ha ha!" I cried like a wild horse. I snorted in the air, my eye sparkled, my crest rose. I waved my proud arm. 'Ha ha! have I found it out at last! I knew there was something. Nature whispered it to me, and Time has revealed it. He said truly, Time has developed everything. But shall these feelings subside into poetry? Away! give me a sword, give me a sword! My consular blood demands a

sword. Give me a sword, ye winds, ye trees, ye mighty hills, ye deep cold waters, give me a sword. I will fight! by heavens, I will fight! I will conquer. Why am I not a Doge? A curse upon the tyranny of man, why is she not free? why am I not a Doge? By the God of Heaven, I will be a Doge! Oh! thou fair and melancholy saint,' I continued, falling on my knees, 'who in thy infinite goodness condescended, as it were, to come down from Heaven to call me back to the true and holy faith of Venice, and to take me under thy especial protection, blessed and beautiful Mary Magdalen, look down from thy glorious seat above, and smile upon thy elected and favourite child.'" i. 148–9.

If his own strange passions led him astray, the instructions of his father were not of a kind to set him altogether right—listen to the old man's heresy in the matter of women:—

"Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency—because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They too will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits, which we pick up in boyhood, without this supervision. Unfortunately, you have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise, you will never be free from your awkwardness, or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress." i. 280–1.

Thus prepared by nature and education to act a wild part, he only wanted a stage to show himself on, and this was soon found. He went to college, gained a gold medal, but disliked the strict discipline of the place, and, with a few companions, as mad, but not so romantic as himself, fled from the university, and commenced the profession of robbers in an old castle, in the midst of a forest.

When this freak was over, he returned home, and, as his education in the forest had prepared him for public business, he was made secretary to the government, of which his father was a member; to show the finer qualities of his nature, he wrote a bitter lampoon on all and sundry friends and foes, including even himself—though, of this, like Byron, in 'Childe Harold,' he was not aware. A foe, of whom he had never before heard, made his appearance in the shape of a critic:

"With what horror, with what blank despair, with what supreme, appalling astonishment, did I find myself, for the first time in my life, a subject of the most reckless, the most malignant, and the most adroit ridicule. I was scarified—I was scalped. They scarcely condescended to notice my dreadful satire, except to remark, in passing, that, by the bye, I appeared to be as ill-tempered as I was imbecile. But all my eloquence, and all my fancy, and all the strong expression of my secret feelings—these ushers of the Court of Apollo fairly laughed me off Parnassus, and held me up to public scorn, as exhibiting the most lamentable instance of mingled pretension and weakness, and the most ludicrous specimen of literary delusion, that it had ever been their unhappy office to castigate, and, as they hoped, to cure.

"The criticism fell from my hand. A film floated over my vision, my knees trembled. I felt that sickness of heart, that we experience in our first serious scrape. I was ridiculous. It was time to die.

"What did it signify? What was authorship to me? What did I care for their flimsy fame,—I, who yet not of age, was an important functionary of the state, and who might look to its

highest confidence and honours. It was really too ludicrous. I tried to laugh. I did smile very bitterly. The insolence of these fellows! Why! if I could not write, surely I was not a fool. I had done something. Nobody thought me a fool. On the contrary, everybody thought me a rather extraordinary person. What would they think now? I felt a qualm." ii. 182-4.

From being the object of criticism, he became, in process of time, a man wise in the sacred mystery himself. The following decision respecting poetry, seems to have some foundation:—

"It appears to me, that the age of Versification has past. The mode of composition must ever be greatly determined by the manner in which the composition can be made public. In ancient days, the voice was the medium by which we became acquainted with the inventions of a poet. In such a method, where those who listened had no time to pause, and no opportunity to think, it was necessary that everything should be obvious. The audience who were perplexed would soon become wearied. The spirit of ancient poetry, therefore, is rather material than metaphysical. Superficial, not internal; there is much simplicity and much nature, but little passion, and less philosophy. To obviate the baldness, which is the consequence of a style where the subject and the sentiments are rather intimated than developed, the poem was enriched by music, and enforced by action. Occasionally, were added the enchantment of scenery, and the fascination of the dance. But the poet did not depend merely upon these brilliant accessories. He resolved that his thoughts should be expressed in a manner different from other modes of communicating ideas. He caught a suggestion from his sister art, and invented metre. And in this modulation, he introduced a new system of phraseology, which marked him out from the crowd, and which has obtained the title of 'poetic diction.'

"His object in this system of words was to heighten his meaning by strange phrases, and unusual constructions. Inversion was invented to clothe a commonplace with an air of novelty; vague epithets were introduced to prop up a monotonous modulation; were his meaning to be enforced, he shrank from wearisome ratiocination and the agony of precise conceptions, and sought refuge in a bold personification, or a beautiful similitude. The art of Poetry was to express natural feelings in unnatural language." iii. 154-57.

The following, respecting taste in architecture, applies to other arts:—

"Alhambra is a strong illustration of what I have long thought, that however there may be a standard of Taste, there is no standard of Style. I must place Alhambra with the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Cathedral of Seville, the Temple of Dendera. They are different combinations of the same principles of taste. Thus we may equally admire Æschylus, Virgil, Calderon, and Ferdousi. There never could have been a controversy on such a point, if mankind had not confused the ideas of Taste and Style. The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time, the most fitting and delicate, that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the finest inventions of man, if it were better known. It is only to be found, in any degree of European perfection, in Spain. Some of the tombs of the Mamlouk Sultans in the desert round Cairo, wrongly styled by the French 'the tombs of the Caliphs,' are equal, I think, to Alhambra. When a person sneers at the Saracenic, ask him what he has seen. Perhaps a barbarous, although picturesque, building, called the Ducal Palace at Venice. What should we think of a man, who decided on the

architecture of Agrippa by the buildings of Justinian, or judged the age of Pericles by the restorations of Hadrian? Yet he would not commit so great a blunder. There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar at Seville, a huge mosque at Cordova turned into a Cathedral, with partial alteration, Alhambra at Granada, these are the great specimens in Europe, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish Saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycomb roof, as vivid, and as brilliant, as when the San-ton was worshipped. In my life have I never seen any work of art more exquisite. The materials are the richest, the ornaments the most costly, and, in detail, the most elegant and the most novel, the most fanciful and the most flowing, that I ever contemplated. And yet nothing at the same time can be conceived more just than the proportion of the whole, and more mel-lowed than the blending of the parts, which indeed Palladio could not excel." iv. 8-11.

We have not room to relate how Contarini fell in love with his cousin, by means of a vision—found her at Venice—married her in Italy—buried her in Candia; and then rambled over the earth discoursing on poetry, painting, war, love, criticism, religion, and infidelity, till the death of his father made him master of a plentiful fortune. He concludes his autobiography, that he may lay the foundation of a palace of that kind of picturesque architecture, called the Saracen. As the author has now evoked from his spirit the devil of romantic madness, we shall be glad to meet him in a soberer composition.

The Radical: An Autobiography. By the Author of 'The Member,' 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. London, 1832. Fraser.

THE announcement on Wednesday morning, would have perplexed any ordinary man who might have written a volume like this. Not so Mr. Galt—the last sheet or two is forthwith cancelled—a dedication is dashed off to "Baron Brougham and Vaux, late Lord High Chancellor," and the work comes most opportunely before the public, to excite a wonder and a laugh. In fact, it is impossible not to laugh at it; and we think the Radicals will enjoy the joke quite as much as either Whigs or Tories. Nathan Butt, the hero of the tale, is an absurdly clever caricature—he begins his career by imprinting for ever his first four cutting teeth on the thumb of his grandmother, with an instinctive horror of the tyrannical assumption of the old lady. Of course, his youth is made miserable by the same sort of parental despotism; for even "his mother never permitted her children to evince the slightest independence." Nathan was, in fact, born a patriot, and had not been twelve months at school, before he reasoned after the following fashion:—

"It has from time immemorial been the awful aim of all education to obscure the sense of natural right. To education, therefore, I am inclined, with Mr. Owen, to ascribe all the vice and distress which deform our human condition. The antipathy, indeed, which we are taught to foster in ourselves against those ebullitions of feelings misnamed crimes, is purely conventional. The opulent and aristocratical, who have usurped the possession of property, and who by a strange fraud have wrested the privilege of legislation from the general human race, have found this essential to their interests; and, accordingly, the indulgence of even the most ordinary feelings is branded in their vocabularies with epithets of iniquity." p. 9.

He proceeds after this to rob the parson's orchard, on the principle, that church property is public property—and, throughout his life, acts upon much the same inconsequential reasoning. Absurd as all this must appear, there are some scenes in the volume exceedingly natural and touching. The character of the wife is most truly feminine; and the one serious controversy, which alone disturbs the harmony of their married life, is positively affecting, from the honest sincerity of all parties, Nathan himself included:—

"In the course of the second year after our marriage, my first-born in wedlock, a son, came to light. At that epoch there was a moderation in men's minds, such as had not been experienced for some years. The French, under the fatal dominion of Napoleon, had lost much of their interesting character. He had degraded himself by a union with the sentenced blood of Austria; and those who had once thought they saw in him the deliverer of the human race, were mortified by his apostasy. The effect of this made me, as well as all of my way of thinking, shrink back into ourselves, and seek to obscure our particular opinions, by a practical adherence to the existing customs of the world—errors and prejudices, which we never forgot they were.

"It thus happened, when Mrs. Butt proposed to me that our child should be baptised, I made no objection; only remarking, that it was a usage to which we must submit, and the expense being inconsiderable, it was not a case in which we should shew ourselves different from our neighbours.

"Sometimes before, I had observed, that she was not very well satisfied with an occasional word which dropped from me respecting priest-craft and ecclesiastical usurpation; but as my father was a Presbyterian, she ascribed those accidental strictures to the tenets of his sect, supposing me of the same persuasion. But that I should speak of baptism as deserving of consideration only on account of the fees, produced an effect for which I was not prepared.

"She was standing when she put the question, and I was reading the book of a recent continental traveller, a man of liberal principles, who had shrewdly inspected the world, and correctly discerned its prevalent errors and abuses; for it was, indeed, chiefly from such travellers that I obtained right expositions of these controverted topics. Without raising my eyes over the edge of the leaves, I gave her the answer quoted; to which she made no reply, but, retreating backwards to the elbow-chair opposite, sat down and drew a sigh.

"Not expecting that anything particular was about to take place, I took no other notice of her consternation, than by casting a glance over the top of the book; which she observed, and, wiping her eyes, suddenly rose and went away, and wrote to my mother on the subject. In the course of two or three days, on the evening before the day appointed for the christening, the old lady made her appearance; having come, as she unhesitatingly declared, to witness the solemnity.

"I welcomed her as she justly merited to be from me, for although in some things she was wilful, as most parents are, she, nevertheless, had made herself, by her kindnesses, a cosy corner in my bosom, and I was sincerely glad to see her,—a little surprised, however, at her unexpected visit.

"Early next morning my father also arrived by the mail. He had travelled all night, and seemed in rather an irksome humour. After swallowing a hasty breakfast, he went directly to my uncle; saying, in a manner that struck me as emphatical, that they would both dine with us, adding, 'The ceremony must be de-

ferred till the evening; and, grinning with vehemence, he shook his stick at me as he left the room, adding, 'You blasphemer, to break my heart in this manner!'

"The secret motive of the visit was thus immediately disclosed; for no sooner was his back turned, than my mother and Mrs. Butt took out their handkerchiefs—as evidently preparatory to a scene, as the drawing up of the curtain is to a tragedy.

"Much has your poor wife, Nathan Butt, endured; but this is beyond pardon. I have come a long journey, and your worthy father has travelled all night—a dreadful thing at his age. We can, however, forgive all that; but who will forgive you for making the baptism of your first-born, a consideration of parish fees, with no more reverence for religion than if you were a sucking turkey?"

"Do turkeys suck?" said I: "that they are irreligious is doubtful. I have often myself noticed, that they, as well as other poultry, never take even a drink of water from the dub, without lifting their heads and eyes towards the heavens in thankfulness."

"Oh, Nathan, Nathan!" was her exclamation, in an accent of grief that smote my very heart, 'what will become of you and your poor baby? for now ye're the head of a family. Oh, oh!'

"I made no answer; but I could not help wondering at the folly of the general world, in thinking religion something different from the forms and genuflections in which its offices are performed; or that there was aught in it beyond the ingenuity of those who in different ages had invented its several rites, as a mode of levying taxes for the maintenance of their order. And I turned to my wife, who was sitting hard by, and, with really more asperity than I ever made use of to her before, said, 'What is the meaning of this? Surely you very well knew that I was quite neutral in my wishes on the subject. If you desired our boy to be made a Christian, I had no objection: by making him undergo the ceremony, he could not, therefore, be less a man. You might have spared me from the reproaches of my father and mother, whose prejudices, at their time of life, it is vain to assail, and allowed the infant to be baptized quietly, and without much ado.'

"Her reply filled me with amazement: 'In all temporal things, Nathan Butt, I considered it a duty, a sworn duty, to obey you; and never, till this occasion, have I ever felt a wish to depart from the strictness of my marriage vow. But, Nathan, this is not an earthly and mortal matter; the soul may be in danger of hell-fire by us; and religion admonishes me, yea, strengthens me, poor, weak, and silly thing that I am, to give this sentenced scion of a fallen race the chance of salvation.'

"I was confounded by her energy, and I pricked up my ears, for her manner was full of a fine enthusiasm, and she spoke like the Pythia. My mother then took up the strain, but with more familiar rhythm."

"She entreated your father and me," said the old lady, 'to come to her aid; for she could not in conscience allow you, in your present state of unbelief, to take upon you the baptismal vows. Your father and uncle are to be the sponsors.'

"And am not I to have any thing to say in this affair?" replied I, a little fervently; for it seemed to me then, as it has done ever since, something beyond all toleration, that a father should, by any occult influence of the theocracy, be thus deprived of his natural right."

"Do you deserve to have any?" cried my mother."

"My answer was sedate: 'I do not reckon on what I may deserve, but only on what is due to me as a parent.'

"This, Nathan," said my wife, 'is not what

is due to a parent. God has revealed, that, by baptism, the condemned souls of the tainted race of Adam will again be rendered acceptable to his love; but wherefore it has been made the qualification for that election is a mystery. Yes, Nathan, I may in this be a disobedient wife, but there is holiness in the disobedience; and I hope that our dear baby, by receiving the sign and impress required by the Redeemer, will become eligible to partake of the blessing.'

"Why should there be mysteries in the world?" said I.

"Why should you be in the world?" exclaimed my mother.

"Hem!" was all I could say to this jargon; but, to do my wife justice, she spoke, as it were, with the voice of an oracle. At other times, the terms of her phrases were like those of other women—simple, and not more to the point than needful; but that day, her mien and elocution were impassioned, and her accent high, yet melancholy, like that of the afflicting spirit in a painful task of mercy."

"I grew uneasy with her exhortations; and being irked too by my mother's vituperative persuasion, rose and went away."

The christening itself, and the mild expostulation and tolerant spirit of the dissenting minister, have much true and touching pathos—but we have little room left at this last hour—and the reader will easily understand by the dedication, that at the last hour only could the work have been received.

Prometheus Bound. A Tragedy translated from the Greek. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. London, 1832. Pickering.

THE Prometheus of Æschylus has no parallel in the literature of the world; it stands alone in its naked majesty unapproached and unapproachable—a gigantic conception filling the mind with wonder and with awe—a creation of which all imitations must be as the brazen clashing of Salmoneus to the thunders of Jupiter. It is an exhibition of intellectual energy so confident in its own strength as to defy even eternal torments; of a will so determined on freedom as to rise superior to destiny, of endurance that scorns even the vengeance of an omnipotent. We have not forgotten Milton's Satan, when we say, that there is no parallel to this stupendous representation. Satan and Prometheus are beings of a very different order: the character of the latter is purely intellectual, that of the former is mingled with baser qualities; nothing but what is noble meets our view in the Titan, who suffers for benefiting mankind; but fraud and treachery are essential parts of the description of the prince of evil. That Milton borrowed some traits for the character of Satan from Æschylus, cannot be doubted, but they have been so altered by being harmonized with others of a far different nature, that all resemblance is lost. Both may therefore be fairly considered original conceptions, alike in their gloomy magnitude, but in every other respect dissimilar. On a former occasion (see No. 186) we alluded to the great political events that Æschylus had witnessed as among the causes that predisposed the mind of Æschylus to form those massive and gloomy conceptions, which alone his genius loves to delineate; he had seen the greatest human power united with the greatest human malignity; he had witnessed an exhibition of free energies unconquered by defeat, unsubdued by misfortune and indestructible amid destruction. He had beheld a nation with-

out a country, citizens without a city preserving all the rites, usages, and forms in their full vigour as perfectly as if no Persians polluted the hills of Attica, and as if the barbarian torches had failed to consume "the city of Minerva": but when of Athens nought visible remained but its ashes, the sport of every wind of heaven, the city still existed in the hearts of the citizens, based on a surer foundation than the rocks of the Acropolis. Such events naturally tended to direct the mighty mind of the father of tragedy to that inexplicable struggle between destiny and volition, which Milton declares to surpass even angelic comprehension: undaunted by "the shadows, clouds, and darkness, that rested upon it," he rushed to the extreme boundary that limits human knowledge, and casting no glance on "the things that were behind," loved to gaze on the vast and dark expanse before him, peopled with the spectral phantoms of imagination, wandering in terrible indistinctness through the gloom. A traditional religion, fast fading from the view of his cotemporaries, not a little tended to give substantial existence to these vague and mysterious notions. It was recorded, that another celestial dynasty had ruled the universe before the throne of Jupiter had been erected on Olympus, and the vague indistinct form of the traditions that related the revolutions of the gods, at once stimulated and awed the imagination. For the character of the Titanian deities we must be contented to refer to Mr. Keightley's admirable Treatise on Mythology; a work equally remarkable for extensive research and sound philosophy—a rare union of great erudition and much common sense. For our present purpose it is sufficient to observe, that the more ancient deities of the Greeks appear to have been, like those of the Asiatics, in a great degree elementary; not actuated by human passions, and scarcely susceptible of human feelings. The very indistinctness that shrouded these gloomy beings recommended them to the vast imagination of Æschylus; they possessed that attribute of the terrible which, in the book of Job, makes our flesh creep with horror—"a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof."

But it is in the drama before us that Æschylus labours most strenuously and most successfully to embody those mighty and mysterious imaginings which seem the very essence of his soul. The drama opens with a scene which we can scarcely venture to describe. Prometheus, at once a god and a personification of human powers sublimed, appears stretched on a rock in the Scythian deserts: Strength and Force are riveting the adamantine chains—beings destitute of compassion, blind slaves of the destiny that rules on Olympus: Vulcan, though equally bound to obey the behests of Jupiter, cannot restrain his pity, and is taunted by Strength for yielding to the soft emotion. They strain the limbs—they twist the chains—they secure the fetters of the Titan; "the iron enters into his soul;" but he sustains all in the majesty of silence—not a word, not a sigh, not a groan, escapes him. It is not until the tormentors have departed that he bursts forth with his magnificent appeal to universal Nature:—

Best and divinest air! ye swift-winged winds!
Ye river springs! and ocean billows! ye
That countless in your multitudes laugh out
With long loud peals—exulting to be free!

Earth, universal mother of all life!
And thou, O Sun, whose eye pierces all nature,
You I invoke! look on me what I suffer,
From gods, a god!

His solitude is broken by the appearance of the compassionate ocean nymphs, the most lovely, the most tender, and the most spiritual of all poetic creations—they thus announce themselves:—

Fear not! fear not! We come! we come!
Sailing in our air-borne ship,
To this eagle-height, from our ocean home,
On a voyage of sweet companionship;
The winged winds, the messengers of our way—
Our father wished, and might have urged our stay;—
But when the loud and iron sound
Of strokes on strokes, in quick rebound,
Filled with its echoes dread our caves,
In pity, then without delay,
We cast our maiden blushes far away,
And with unsandaled feet sprung upward from our waves.

The conversation of Prometheus with the nymphs, alternates between vivid description of the past, and faint glimpses of the future, mingled with uncontrollable bursts of present agony. It is interrupted by the Titan Oceanus, who vainly recommends submission. Oceanus retires, and the nymphs again hear the obscure prophecies of the Titan; the choral odes in which they reply, are unparalleled in force and beauty; we select the epode of the chorus preceding the introduction of a new character:—

And what is man, that thou hast given
To him the choicest gifts of Heaven?
Expect you from that rockless race
Or gratitude, or aid, or praise?
What is the race of mortals—say!
The ephemeral insects of the beam,
The shadowy shapes that people dream,
And vanish with the day,
Are not more real than they!
And shall the vain designs of man
Pervert Jove's all-harmonious plan?
These truths I have been taught to see
In thy funeral fate,
And new the strain of woe to me,
And different far from that which late
I sung for thee,
When to your Hymeneal bed,
With nuptial rites and offerings due, you led
My sister fair, Hesione.

Io, another victim of persecution, enters, and amid all his own tortures, Prometheus feels sympathy for hers. The departure of Io hastens the catastrophe. Mercury enters, and threatens the vengeance of Jove, if Prometheus will not explain the dark threats that he had uttered, and the secret calamities which he menaced against Jove. His stern refusal is in a tone of the most insulting defiance:—

There is no outrage,
Torment, or artifice of Jove, that can
Alter my firm resolve; never will I
Dispense my knowledge, till he loose these chains.
Then let him hurl his lightnings as he will,
And shake the solid earth with all his thunders;
Pour down a hurricane of white-wing'd snows
To sweep resistless ruin, and confound
And mingle all things: me he shall not move,
Nor shake my purpose never to reveal
By whom shall fall the tyrant.

Threats and remonstrances prove equally unavailing to change this firm resolve; the refusal is scarce completed, when the thunder rolls, the lightning flashes, the earth quivers as in agony, the winds rush from the four quarters of heaven, and amid this elemental confusion, the rock with the unconquered and unconquerable Prometheus, sinks into the unexplored regions of the lower world.

Of Mr. Medwin's translation, we can speak in terms of great but not unqualified praise. It is by far the best version of the Prometheus in our language, and will give the mere English reader a correct, though but a faint notion of the sublime original. Still Mr. Medwin's is not the hand that can "bend the bow of

Ulysses;" and now that Shelley is gone without leaving his mantle to any successor, we know not where to find one competent to the task. Accurate knowledge, love of the author, zealous fidelity, and no small share of poetic power, we gladly concede to Mr. Medwin; but, after all, his translation is a plaster-cast—the vitality, the soul-searching energy, the super-human vigour of the Greek is wanting. We may, however, bestow on the translation the tribute of praise conceded to Phaeton—

"Magnis excidit ausis."

Specimens of Tragic Choruses from Sophocles. Translated into English verse. London, Fellowes.

We are always anxious to encourage every attempt to extend the knowledge of the Greek dramatists, for we regard them as the best guides to all that is truly great in poetic conception. The specimens in this little work, are taken from that splendid trilogy on the misfortunes of the Theban royal family, which still remains unrivalled for its pictures of dire calamity, relieved by the display of the most pure and tender affection. If the translations are, as we conjecture, the work of a very young man, they afford good promise of future excellence; but he must read and think deeper than he has yet done, before venturing on the larger work of which he has now given us the specimens.

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. IV.

[Third Notice.]

The singular paper from which we have made the following translations, was contributed by M. Arago, and written, as he himself informs us, whilst he was labouring under aberration of mind. It purports to be an account of the madhouse kept by Dr. Blanche, and in which the author was confined during his malady:—

"The history of a madhouse, written by a madman, must be a curious production. I was mad when I wrote these pages. On the return of reason, I chose to read them. Everything they contain is so accurately exact, that I thought it best to make no alteration in them; they form a likeness which I should spoil by retouching."

The Author's Arrest.

"I was arrested at six o'clock in the evening, by four robust fellows, who seized me behind. I attempted resistance—I was powerless. In acute pain and almost dying, what could I do? 'In the King's name!'—could I withstand such authority as this? I was not delirious, and yet I tried to resist; but, with a couple of jerks, I found myself thrown into a coach which was waiting to receive me.

"The drive was long. The men who accompanied me, talked of the beauty of the city, the coolness of the night, and if I but sighed, advised me to call forth my courage and show that I was a man. Who could fancy lessons of courage given by a mouchard? Does a mouchard ever come in contact with a man, except to arrest him from behind?

"Our progress was slow; and my heart, though horribly tortured by violent passion, had time to become full with another feeling, that of indignation. To be collared by a mouchard! What an outrage! During the disturbances, I had

* A mouchard is a secret spy of the French Police, generally a condemned thief, let loose upon the community, by the perfidious policy of the Prefect of Police, to pry into the secrets of families, and detect crime after seducing others to its commission.

met with a similar affront. The mouchard, without moral existence, is the mere machine of power;—a base coward, he is the agent of force. No, I am wrong; a mouchard is the most courageous of men, for he braves that which all other men dread the most—public contempt.

"We came at length to our journey's end. I remember the minutest circumstances of those heavy and eternal hours which tortured me so horribly. We have so many fibres alive to pain and grief! I thought I was entering the house of a judge of instruction, or a *Procureur du Roi*. I had been led to suppose so on the road, and had been told of daggers, and incendiaryism, and murder. I had listened to my conductors like a man who regrets not having done sufficient to justify the rigour inflicted upon him; and when I appealed to my confused recollections, I was almost furious at having possessed command enough over myself to refrain from bursting every bond that attached me to society. Despair, like grief, has its distinct gradations.

"Having crossed a small court shaded by a few trees of sad and sombre foliage, I entered a vast apartment almost filled by an immense horse-shoe table. At first, I supposed it to be the hall in which the question is administered, and with a shudder I looked round for the instruments of torture.... I was politely told to be seated.

"What a picture was before me. Pain—stupidity—laughter without gaiety—weeping without tears—one single face of pity, that of Mad. Blanche;—and, all this, agglomerated, as it were, in a space scarcely ten feet square.... My brain turned—I thought I was dreaming;—I wanted to know, yet feared to learn.

"I had time for observation. The weakness of my body seemed to impart energy to my soul. A little man, round, red, and pimpled, was seated in an arm-chair, looking at me with stupid eyes, and laughing at my cadaverous complexion. How dared he laugh? I had twice turned away from this face so stupidly ironical, so ignobly sardonic; yet still he ogled me with his odious grin. I thought it a gross insult, and my fingers of iron were already hovering around his cheek, when a soft and compassionate voice bade me be seated. The voice of a woman has alone power to calm the workings of my excited soul;—I obeyed, my ire evaporated, and I listened with tolerable patience to the conclusion of a sonata played on the pianoforte by a female boarder about twenty years of age. Mad. B.—was mad, as I afterwards learned, when not playing upon the pianoforte.

"But the *Procureur du Roi* came not, and there was a profound silence in the next room, where, as I supposed, I should be subjected to a painful trial.

"Show the gentleman to his room," said the benevolent fairy to a servant, who had not left my side since my entrance. He led the way—I followed like an automaton. After threading two or three corridors and ascending as many staircases, I was forcibly thrust into a room whose window was garnished with iron bars and lattice-work of the same metal. A sorry bed, two chairs, and a strait-waistcoat, composed the furniture of my apartment.

"My conductor had been joined by one of his comrades. 'What are you doing? What do you want?' I said.—'We are to wait upon you, Sir.'—'I want nothing; leave me.'—'We are ordered not to leave you, Sir.'—'Will the *Procureur du Roi* soon come?'—'It will not be long first, Sir.'—'He will do well to make haste if he wishes to examine me, for I am losing my strength.'

"I went to bed only half undressed. 'If you please, Sir, we have barley-water in that jug.'—'Why barley-water?'—'Dr. Blanche ordered it.'—'Where am I then?'—'At Dr. Blanche's.'

"The fillet fell from my eyes. I thought myself a conspirator, and now discovered that I was only a madman."

Dr. Blanche, his Patients, and his House.

"The Doctor came in. I courageously prepared myself for the pump-bath; for his language, far from consoling me, froze the little blood that remained in my body. He talked to me of murder, assassination, incendiarism. These were the words fixed upon. I thought him mad, and I pitied him—I, whom none seemed to pity! "All night, a man bellowed in the next room. It was a maniac demanding his liberty. As for me, I contemplated in sullen despair, the walls and bars by which I was surrounded. I had a thousand lives for suffering, but not a single hand to strike with. . . .

"Dr. Blanche returned. His urgings of reason quieted the effervescence of my ideas, and I thought no more of self-destruction. Wrapped in a brown cloak, a young man of five and twenty stood by my side in deep and sad meditation. The fire of two pistols had been unable to destroy him. Both balls had traversed his upper jaw, and found an outlet between his eyes. Some beings are cruelly persecuted by fate! This unhappy man is still alive!

"Another well-dressed individual with a smiling countenance and gracious expression, seated himself next me, and politely inquired after my health. I know not what I answered; but he took a violin, and, with remarkable vigour and precision, played variations upon a well-known air. I think I paid him some compliments. 'Oh! Oh!' replied he, 'I have many other talents! I perfectly recollect being Gengis-Khan, Mahomet, and Napoleon. Pray, Sir, do you remember what you have been? when the brain leaves your skull to pass into another . . . ' Mad. Blanche told him to be silent, and he obeyed, laughing.

"I had leave to walk in the court and garden. Here I saw and studied; and I can describe, because I am in full possession of my reason.

"On the summit of Montmartre, upon a hillock surmounted by the gigantic sails of several windmills, stands a large irregular edifice, whose white front, of rather elegant architecture, attracts the looks of the curious. A ground-floor, a first and second story, of fourteen windows each, some with iron bars, others with simple trellis-work, form the front of the mansion. Two small wings, the left of which is inhabited by the Doctor and his family, seem to have been added to the building subsequently to its construction; there is a little verdure between the house and iron-railings in front, which space is termed the court.

"At the back of the house are also two stories opening upon an English garden, small, but pretty. Sick, idiots, and madmen, walk in it at their pleasure. They whose madness is dangerous, are separated from the others by high wooden palisades, which they can neither pull down nor climb over. On one side is pain, on the other despair;—here, moral suffering in the excess of its poignancy—there, physical pain and mental affliction in their most lamentable form;—bitter tears are shed in the one enclosure—the other displays scenes of a more sombre and more corrosive kind. I should prefer the affliction which annihilates reason!"

The Mother of the Tiger of Portugal.

"Each of the rooms I visited, recall heart-rending dramas. In this cell was, and is still confined, a noble Portuguese, whose brother, only twelve years of age, was hanged at Coimbra, as the accomplice of a plan to overthrow the existing form of government. 'What shall we do with this child?' said the Chief Judge to a woman; 'he is only twelve years old.'—'Twelve years old!' she replied, 'so much the better! Let him be hanged forthwith, he will sup with angels.

And let his brother, a little older, witness the execution from the foot of the scaffold.' The woman who thus commanded the cold-blooded murder of a child, was the mother of Don Miguel. The execution took place—and the brother, who witnessed this horrid spectacle, lost his senses. The care and ability of Dr. Blanche restored him to health; but, still pursued by the phantom of his brother's strangled corpse, he became mad a second time."

Madame Lavallette.

"Here again is a room connected with historical associations. Surrounded by these bare walls, a heroic female, whom joy had deprived of her senses, spent many a tedious day—many a long, interminably long night. Here, upon this very pallet, did the lovely and noble Mad. Lavallette shed many bitter tears of imaginary woe. Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, had rescued her husband from the royal murderer's power. Glory to them! The Count has since paid his last tribute to nature, not to kingly tyranny—and Mad. Lavallette owes to Dr. Blanche an almost miraculous cure."

There are some other recollections, but the subject could hardly be carried farther with propriety, or with satisfaction to English readers.

Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans. By E. Cardwell, D.D. Oxford, Collingwood; London, Murray.

Professor Heeren, if not the first who directed the attention of classical students to the importance of investigating the political economy of the ancients, was certainly the writer whose researches on the subject produced the most valuable results. He not only elucidated many obscure transactions, and explained many occurrences apparently so strange as to be deemed improbable, but he made history a practical guide to the politician, by showing that the observance of those principles which the ingenuity of Adam Smith and his followers has formed into a system, was the chief cause of the prosperity attained by ancient commercial states, and the neglect of them invariably followed by decadence and misery. In this very interesting volume, a topic is discussed, which Heeren has touched but slightly, but which is of the utmost importance—the monetary system of the Greeks and Romans. A few years ago, a work emanating from Oxford, with the same title as the present, would have been either a dry numismatic catalogue, or a heavy dissertation, containing a marvellous quantity of profound learning, with but little of common sense, and nothing of practical utility. But the noble spirit of improvement which dictated the foundation of a professorship of political economy at Oxford, and which has produced the valuable lectures of Senior and Whately, exhibits its genial influence in this work, and makes it one of those volumes, unfortunately too rare, worthy of the university where the lectures were delivered, and worthy of the age in which they are published. We were particularly pleased with the author's account of the state of the Athenian currency, and of the beneficial results that attended the adoption of a liberal commercial system in that celebrated republic. No other writer has bestowed the same attention on the banking system, which grew up as commerce extended, and, consequently, no other writer has so fully revealed to us the sources of that wealth which made the barren coasts of Attica surpass, in riches

and in beauty, those parts of Greece to which nature had been most bounteous. From the nature of the subject, the author of these lectures could not add many new facts to our present stores of historical information; but, what is at least equally valuable, he has explained obscurities, cleared up difficulties, and given identity and consistency to portions of history the most valuable and important in the annals of mankind.

THE WARDEN OF GALWAY.

WE have received from a friend in Dublin the following account of the new tragedy, which has obtained unprecedented popularity in the Irish capital.

The narrative on which the tragedy of 'The Warden of Galway' is founded, is simple, and, in its leading incidents, generally supposed to be historically true. The town of Galway, previously to the civil wars in 1641, was a place of much commercial importance. Walter Lynch, its chief magistrate, had sent his only son Roderic to Spain on a mercantile speculation. The young man, during his residence abroad, dissipated the money intrusted to him by his father, and, to conceal the circumstance, had, during his voyage homewards, seized an opportunity of flinging overboard a young Spaniard, a friend of the family, who was returning with him, and of possessing himself of the property of his murdered friend. On his return he was immediately married to a ward of his father's, to whom he had been long betrothed. The cause of the Spaniard's death was however discovered immediately after the marriage by the compunctions of Connor, Roderic's servant, who had been an unnoticed witness of the murder. Roderic Lynch was brought to trial, confessed his guilt, and was condemned to death by his father, who, as chief magistrate, presided at the trial, and whose duty it also was to see the sentence put in execution. Roderic's young wife immediately hurried away to the Lord President of Connaught, to whom her late father had done signal service, to solicit a pardon. During her absence her husband was brought out for execution, but the townspeople interfered and attempted a rescue; and Walter Lynch, that justice might not be defeated, ordered the guard to convey the prisoner to his own castle in the town: while there, the young wife, accompanied by her husband's friends who had collected round her on her return with the pardon, endeavoured to force her way into the warden's apartments, who, mistaking this effort for a new and more violent attempt at a rescue, ordered his son to be instantly executed out of one of the windows. His mandate was obeyed, and when the doors were thrown open, and the anxious wife rushed in with the pardon, the first object that presented itself was the lifeless body of her husband.

We shall first extract Connor's (Roderic's servant) description of the murder, which he gives at the urgent solicitation of father Dominic and his own wife Evelyn:—

Connor. We sailed on our return from Taos month, All full of joy and hope, my master Roderic And his young friend Velasquez, who proposed Here to resume his studies, and bore with him A hoard of wealth for traffic from his father.— My lord—also the day!—had rashly spent The monies trusted him on leaving home For similar intents, in revelling, In feasts, and shows, and dice.

Evelyn. Oh! miserable,
Lost, lost young man! lost lady!
Dominic. Is it possible?
Con. As we drew near our native shore, he grew
Daily more pensive, more reserved—would walk
The deck with hurried step—then sit alone
In sullen, sad abstraction—vainly his friend
Rallied and cheered, derided, sympathised,
Tried every changing mood of changeless friendship.
He'd raise him for the moment—then fall back,
Desponding, into his own gloomy musings.
One night—

Such as kind heaven in bounty would vouchsafe
To those who sighed for home. Oh! that a deed
So foul should stain the face of that night's heav'n!
Dom. Come to the point at once.

Con. The young Velasquez
Sat on the poop, gazing in silent transport
On the bright theatre of moon, stars, sea,
Decked out in nature's loveliest tinsel;
My master took the helm, and told the pilot
He'd ease him for a period of his charge,
While the true gale and trim-sail sails required
But little of the seaman's care. None now
Remained above, save the two youths and I,
Who lay unnoticed on a sail-cloth forward;
When, all at once, my lord—no notice given—
No word exchanged—darted upon Velasquez—
Plunged him,—Oh, heaven! I hear the plunge even
now—

Dom. Go on—go on.

Con. Nay, when the wretched youth
Had seized the gun-wale with a dying gripe,
He struck him, all imploring, spurned him down,
And dashed him in the deep. One cry,—that cry
Will never quit my ear,—and all was over.

Immediately after his marriage the work-
ings of an unquiet conscience urge Roderic
Lynch to endeavour to find what effect any
future discovery of his guilt might have on
his wife's affection:—

Roderic. And yet, suppose,—
For the sole sake of supposition,—fancy
You were attached to one, as now to me,
Which, thanks to all those splendid virtues,
Concealed a conscience stained with some foul blot,—
Say he had committed—say—no matter what—
Some fell deliberate act of dark malignity—
Suppose, in short, the angel of your pure
And youthful visions was revealed at once
A demon—

Anastasia. My Roderic, what a fancy!
Rod. Nay—but, what then?

Anas. What then! Oh! were I doom'd
To encounter such a change,—were it possible
The man I loved could be the thing you picture;—
'Tis too absurd to dwell on.

Rod. Nay, but, dearest,—
Suppose the fancy true,—would you still love him?
Anas. Love him! No, no. Were such my wretched
lot,
I'd scorn myself for having, even unknowingly,
Been the weak victim of a foul delusion.
Love him! I'd spurn the wretch.

Rod. Would you spurn me?
Anas. You, Roderic! you! Come, come,—you think
our happiness
Too pure for this mixt world, and fain would dash it,
Like the old tyrant, with some little drop
Of self-created bitter, to ward off
The envy of the gods. Nay, my dear love,
Were I to moralize, I'd say, even now,
Blest as we are with all that man calls blessings,
We must expect our share of this world's sorrows,
But not in such forms as your fancy pictures,
Come, shall we to the hall to see what music
Will best accord without festivities!

After Roderic's conviction, his wife visits
him in his dungeon:—

Rod. Ha! who comes here?
Through the dull gloom to give a gloomier welcome?
Oh, heav'n! 'tis she, 'tis she. She comes, she comes—
To vent an universe of wrongs upon me.

[*Anastasia enters.*
This is too much. Demon of retribution,
You might have spared me this—

[*A long pause.*
Anas. My husband! Speak, speak, and curse me.
Rod. Heav'n's! is it possible?

Anas. My husband! [throwing herself on his neck.
Rod. Do I hear right? Can you then speak to me?
Can you forgive me? You, whose voice was raised
In bitterest execration of the wretch
That could—Oh, heav'n!—that did deceive, betray,
Thy innocence—thy worth.

Anas. I am thy wife—
Thy wedded wife. Before high heav'n I vow'd
To cling to thee in sickness and in health,
In weal and woe, till death shall sever us.

And I will keep that vow—will keep it—must!
The iron bars may hold thee from my clasp,
The iron gripe of death may wrest thee from me;
But wedded love is stronger far than iron,
Mightier than death. A palace lately held us,
And I enjoyed a palace for thy sake:
A prison now confines thee, and thy prison
Shall be my palace. Yes; here I'll sit by thee,
Speak to thee, comfort thee, weep with thee, pray
with thee.
Go where thou wilt, be sure thou hast me beside thee;
And when the stroke of death shall rend the bands
That join us now, 'twill be but for the moment:
It may tear flesh from flesh; but, oh! the bond
Of heart to heart is never, never broken.

The following is an extract from the scene
where the wife intercedes with her guardian,
the Warden, for her husband's life:—

Walter Lynch. My daughter! why this posture?
rise and speak.

Anas. Do I address the father or the judge?
Walter L. To you and your concerns a father ever.
But if you come a pleader to reverse
The law's just sentence—

Anas. Here then I'm fixed, a pleader—
But not against the law. The law has laid
All that law can ask: the crime detected,
The perpetrator brought to light, convicted,
Exposed to ignominy, sentenced, doomed.
The bitterness of death—its awful preludes
Already swallowed,—all underground, save that
Which one short word from you can spare, and none
Be injured by its utterance.

Walter L. Anastasia,
I thought you knew me.

Anas. Oh, Sir, know yourself:
You are a man, high above men, possessing
In ample measure all that raises them
Above the groveling brute. Oh, quench not then
The effervescence of those kindlier feelings
Which struggle,—yes, I know they struggle hard,
Even now, within your bosom, to attain
Their due pre-eminence. Let not severity
Triumph o'er nature in the guise of justice.

Walter L. Arise, my daughter!

Anas. Am I your daughter? Father!
You bade me call you so. Be then a father
In truth, and not in act of speech alone.
Give to your daughter life, by giving it
To him who also calls you father,—him,
The offspring of your first affections,—him,
The darling of your gentlest, kindest hours,—
Him, whom so often in your arms you've raised,
Glowing with life and beauty, and called on him
Thousands of blessings from the fount of mercy.
Oh, pardon him, who now lies abject, vile,
The humblest of the humble. If too great
The boon of liberal pardon, let him live.
Let him an ever-during death endure,
Rejected, outcast, lost, unparented,
Cut off from all his former world—sunk, buried,
Entombed in the affections of a wife.
Oh, Walter Lynch! a wretched wife implores you:
Think on your own lost wife. Wherefore is she
Not here with me, to cry, My son, my son!

Walter L. If I remain I'm lost. Let go—let go:
Relax your hold: in mercy, let me leave you.

Anas. Mercy! He has said it—he has spoke that
word
Of blessed omen: he cannot now unsay it.
Mercy! oh, once more—mercy! mercy!
Walter L. Nature, he still: I must not, cannot
suffer
A woman's voice to mar the man within me.

[*He breaks from her, and rushes out.*

*Practical Suggestions for the Internal Reform of
the House of Commons.* By a Parliamentary
Secretary. London, 1832. F. C. Westley.

WE have no personal knowledge of the subject
treated on, in this little pamphlet, but it seems
well worthy attentive consideration. The writer
had, it appears, made more progress in a work
intended to illustrate the business arrangements
of the House of Commons, and to show the
effect in delaying and thwarting its measures,
when he was induced to hurry out these rough
notes, in consequence of the proposed appoint-
ment of a committee to consider the best mode
of regulating the presentation of petitions, and
in the hope that they might suggest to the house
the propriety of considering the whole question.
It is certainly one of great practical consequence,
and the writer is evidently well conversant with
the working of the system.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

FRIENDSHIP AT FIRST SIGHT.

SWEET girl! who o'er my waste of life,
A flitting charm for cares and strife,
Came, like some beauteous bird at sea,
To mariners struggling wearily
'Mid Ocean's vexed immensity—
A thing to note in smiles and gladness,
'Mid doubt and danger, fears and sadness,—
To note a moment, and no more,
Then turn from, unto toil and roar.
Young creature! fair and talent-born,
Good, gentle, and, I fear, forlorn!
My memory of that little day,
When, on the wide world's common way,
We met—to part—and part for aye!—
The feelings deep it loves to trace,
Words cannot tell, nor years efface!

Too lately met! too quickly parted!
How spirit-checked and sunken-hearted,
I saw thee, 'mid the scrambling throng,
On the chance road we whirled along,
Turn from me,—look, and disappear,—
Alone! no friend or brother near!

Alone, alone, and far from all
On whom thy gentle voice might call
For word or guidance, cheer or aid,
If sad, or doubtful, or afraid!
Alas! perhaps from friends like those,
Thou wert, indeed, too far away!
Perhaps they were not friends—but foes—
Who launched thee on the world that day!

Feelings—more dread than distance—threw
A wild, perhaps, 'tween them and you;—
Or, ah! those eyes of mildest blue
Perhaps had seen the cold grave close
On all the hearts that once were true!
Young creature! could a fate so drear
Be that of one so good and dear!

I asked thee not to speak a word,
Which might thy state or name accord—
I would not—durst not—meanly pry
Into thy bosom's privacy:—
But ne'er respect and tenderness,
A harder duty did impress
Than that forbearance; it was pain,
And some denial, to refrain
From seeking a relief to all
The fears which came at fancy's call!

Within a day, known, loved, and lost!
Not a boy's love—no fervours vain
Of selfishness my bosom crost;—
But, to ward off one moment's pain,
One word, one look of wrong from thee,
Against a world I could have ta'en
A brother's place—oh, cheerfully!

Thy very name I know not yet,
And mine to thee is all unknown;
Still, from the moment that we met,
Our minds and hearts took kindred tone;
Two of a group of strangers, we
Ceased to be strangers to each other—
A sister dear thou wert to me—
And didst thou wish I were a brother?

And when the time of parting came,
And thy small hand to mine was given,
What meant the tear-dimmed smile, half shame,
Half grief, with which my heart was riven?
Was it regret? It was! I feel,
And glory in that mute appeal!

And this—is this, indeed, the lot
Of kindred feeling here below?
With those we love, permitted not
To journey on, as on we go—
But with the cold, the bad, the base,
Condemned to tread life's weary way,
Wearing to them a brow and face
Almost as treacherous as they!

21st April, 1832.

JOHN BANIM.

ON YOUTHFUL AUTHORSHIP.

A poem, called 'Sherwood Forest,' published by the Literary Society of Nottingham, from which Society it had, in manuscript, received a prize, recently fell into our hands. We have several reasons for noticing this poem. It is the first appearance of a young lady of Mansfield; it is creditable as a performance, and brilliant as a promise; and we wish to make a few remarks on the subject of young authors and youthful authorship. We know nothing of Miss Williams, but we understand that she is a young lady of great modesty and considerable attainments, particularly in departments generally considered adverse to poetry,—namely, the exact sciences. But this, like many general opinions, is a popular fallacy: no knowledge is unfriendly to poetry; technical expressions may be inadmissible—subjects that are scientific and mechanical will ever require to be developed in prose;—but scientific studies, considered as a *part* of intellectual cultivation, will only tend to make the poetic mind stronger and more fertile—wider in its sweep, and more varied in its allusions. We must not have poetry sneered at by the men of weights and measures; for, as our young authoress well exclaims—

O! what a voice of eloquence may dwell
In the low murmuring tone of one small wretched
shell!

Neither must we have the muse of poetry contumacious and conceited, snuffing up the wind like the wild zebra of the desert, mocking at the hunter, and scorning the cry of the driver. We would by no means recommend Miss Williams (whom we hope in time to meet again) to surrender severer exercises; but we would hint to her, that poetry is itself a science, and as such we would recommend her to study it—not in rules or lectures, but in the calm, yet fervent perusal of the great sons of song—the profound melodists of our native tongue—the prophets no less than the minstrels of our land. Nor would we by any means have her neglect the best minor poets, either of the past or present day. Many there are who, like David's "chiefs of the thirty," attain not to be classed with "the three," but yet are mighty men, expert at their weapons, and able helpers of those who aspire to the same warfare. She need not fear (the common fear of aspirants) becoming an imitator, because she becomes an admirer—any more than a young painter need restrain himself from studying the old masters, lest his pencil should become that of a copyist. In no case can this occur where the mind possesses innate power—where it is the spirit rather than the mechanism that is examined—where there exists genuine ambition after excellence—and where the study is regarded as subservient to the progress of intellect, rather than as a stepping-stone to immediate effect. There are minds to which we should give directly contrary advice; but then they are minds already so imbued with the knack, not to say vice, of imitation, that, if admitted to hear the Alleluias of the Seraphim, they would, instead of being hushed and hallowed, instantly strike up a caricature on their own Jew's harps or bagpipes. There is in the poem before us much fancy and feeling; but there wants precision of language, definiteness of thought, and condensation of imagery. Thoughts and words ought to possess the

same propriety of form and fitness that exists between the sword and the scabbard. Language and emotion ought to have the exquisite simulation of the voice and the instrument. We have no right to quarrel with a poet for possessing an inferior portion of genius, a less degree of the divine vision and inspired faculty, than the Father of Spirits may have bestowed on his brethren; but we have undoubted right to blame him when he does not cultivate and bring to perfection the portion assigned him. There is often a wonderful reward attached to the faithful and wise stewardship of inferior powers.

In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Were the exceeding ambition of being esteemed "some great one," superseded by the ambition of being "perfect in that which concerneth us," what a sudden and spring-like verdure would flush our literature! How many clever and amiable writers, only rendered ridiculous by straining after the semblance of some favourite but unattainable model, would subside into themselves with dignity and grace, and, using their powers in accordance with their strength, would please, satisfy, and perhaps instruct. And the application of this principle to criticism is fraught with that lesson which criticism now most needs, charity:—

A lily of a day,
Although it fall and die that night,
Is still the plant and flower of light.

No one ever despised the galaxy who had beheld it through a telescope: flowers and stars may differ in glory; but, if perfect flowers, and real stars, the meanest has its beauty, and the least its use. "A florist who would produce the finest tulip, would set apart a spacious bed for the roots of that flower, and would feel no disappointment when he saw a great majority grow up with no exquisite variegation of colours. There were, many times over, a greater number of dramatists in the age of Shakspeare, than in any other period of English literature." If we would foster merit, we must have great patience; and merit that desires to thrive and come to perfection, must have great patience too. The view of this axiom that affects critics, we shall reserve for private meditation: our business now is with young writers; and we shall only discourse publicly on the view that affects them.

One of the most startling features in our times, is impatience of labour that does not produce an immediate result; and this impatience is impressed most strongly on the proceedings of young literary talent. Literature has become a profession, chiefly followed for its revenue of present profit and present praise. As a body, our young writers are brilliant, but fragmentary—showy, but crude—clever, but with small depth either of soil or root. Nearly all begin too early, and so are never more than clever; whilst, as their numbers increase, there is a growing similarity in their productions, and in the worth of them. The need of intellectual training before encountering literary enterprise, is little recognized and rarely acted upon. Swiftiness of foot and sleight of hand are the prized and marketable qualifications; and the name and fame, which was, and which ought to be, the prize of continued labour and matured effort, is claimed and bestowed—for sketches, fragments, promises, and episodes. Many reasons extenuate this impatient spirit. The

literary profession *was* profitable, and *is* seductive: it affords a passport to brilliant society; and to put off being flattered and courted for a clever trifle to-day, in the dull chance of deserving solid praise for a valuable work a few years hence, is a sore trial for literary flesh and blood. It reminds us of the quaint show seen in the Interpreter's house, by the wondrous John Bunyan;—and for the benefit of those scions of rising genius, who may obtain enduring honour if they will not prefer present and trashy notoriety,—even for those who may one day be England's literary boast, if they will give up for awhile being her morrice-dancers, her ballad-singers, and her buffoons,—we shall copy the allegory, leaving to them the application.

"I saw, moreover, in my dream, that the Interpreter took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be much discontented, but Patience was very quiet. Then Christian asked, what is the reason of the discontent of Passion? The Interpreter answered, the governor of that world would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of next year, but he will have all now; but Patience is willing to wait. Then I saw that one came to Passion, and brought him a bag of treasure, and poured it now at his feet, the which he took and rejoiced therein, and withal laughed Patience to scorn. But I beheld him awhile, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but rags. Then said Christian, now I see that Patience has the best wisdom, because he stays for the best things; also because he will have the glory of his, when the other has nothing but rags."

We are aware, that to many of the youthful possessors of literary talent our Fabian advice will be unpalatable; and to some, from the pressure of circumstances, impossible: nevertheless, we cannot but hope that a few will give it attention. In studying the lives of men of letters, they will perceive, that the truest reputation has been a thing of growth, and of time, of labour, of trial, and of patience;—

'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.

They sowed before they expected to reap—they digged deep, and laid their foundation on a rock—they did not consider authorship the only profession exempt from a noviciate, and, because the most noble, to be followed with least care;—they did not stud their fame with a series of tiny brilliants—they preferred the solid glow of a single massy diamond: they did not regard truth and knowledge merely as attainments to be hurried into print, or transmitted into talk—they garnered them in their souls, as the rod of the Hebrew High Priest was laid up in the silent sanctuary, and at the appointed time the world felt the blessing, for they brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms, and yielded fruit. Delay is not disappointment: wherever there is intellect, all studies, all vicissitudes, all objects, and all occupations, tend to enrich and develop it. The knowledge gained to-day may not be of use for years, but it is not therefore lost: when Samuel Johnson in obscurity translated the History of Abyssinia for five guineas, he laid the foundation of Rasselas, the work of his manhood and his fame.

The tendency of these remarks will be

grievously misunderstood, if it is supposed that they are intended to depress youthful talent, pining to make itself seen, and heard, and felt: far from it: we only desire youthful talent to lay seriously to heart the requirements and the difficulties, as well as the rewards of literary life; we only entreat the young enthusiast, as he values the health of his mind and body, to pause and meditate long, before he adopt as a *profession* one, in which, if he succeeds, he may find the shadow outstretch the substance—before he begin a race in which the crown is oftener of fading leaves than of gold—before he encounter a strife from which he may return broken-hearted and dismayed. The pursuit of letters is a noble pursuit—therefore, to be commenced and continued in a genuine and noble spirit. It is not to be treated as a light and easy play, that has vanity for its origin, amusement for its end, and profit for its reward. The young enthusiast who would fain persuade himself that a celestial call summons him to this pursuit, should muse upon it in those dim yet price-less libraries, where of old sat pale and solitary students, till their hair was silvered and their stature bent, reverently yielding their faculties and their days and nights to the lore gathered round them, adding, at last, some volume of their own, which, although the labour of a life, they added with simplicity, with “meekness of wisdom,” and self-distrust. Or if the enthusiast turn from these solitary students and these austere studies, to those works of imagination that successive centuries have acknowledged perfect in their kind, let him still remember, that their authors wrote them not till time had knit their powers into mental manhood—till keen observation of their species, if not travel, extended to many lands, had crowned their reading with experience—had united reflection to native wit, and placed the sceptre of philosophy in the hand of genius. Such review might for a time dishearten him, but, if possessed of genuine intellectual enthusiasm, he would take courage and go forward. He might yet pour out his thoughts—he would still dream dreams, and behold visions; authorship might still be the goal of his ambition, but the goal would be further off, and the ambition would be purified. A divine thirst for knowledge—a passion for perfecting and furnishing his mind—a docile reverence for all goodness and all wisdom—a walking as in white raiment—a composed and modest, yet fervent and courageous spirit, would mark the Neophyte of the Muses—and his coronal (no matter whether of few or many leaves) would at last be twined of

Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.

Then to the pursuit of letters might be transferred Jeremy Taylor's sublime description of friendship, as embodying “the greatest love, and greatest usefulness, and the most open communications, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel of which brave men and women are capable.” At present, of many, who aspire to this pursuit, may with too much truth be used the words of the same writer in another place—“they read with the eye of a bird, and speak with the tongue of a bee, and understand with the heart of a child—that is, weakly and imperfectly.”

STANZAS.

Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

Methinks I love the horny hand
That labours until dusk from dawn,
Methinks I love the russet band,
Beyond the band of silk or lawn;
And, oh! the lovely laughter drawn
From peasant lips, when sunny May
Leads in some flowery holiday!

What good are fancies rare—that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours!

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand
Should open like a vernal cloud,
When 'tcasts its bounty on a land,
In music sweet but never loud;
But I am of the common crowd,
And thus am I content to be,
If thou, sweet love, will cherish me!

C.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON. NO. II.

[Our own opinion on this beautiful work has been given heretofore, and differs from our intelligent correspondent's in many points; but he is entitled to be heard, and his observations well deserve the attentive consideration of all artists. They are in the spirit of some which we thought it our duty to make on the last ‘Landscape Annual.’]

THE commencement of this work gave promise of more excellence than we find realized in the number now before us. There is a general feeling among many of the subscribers that it is unworthy its predecessor; we confide, however, in the taste and judgment of the enterprising publisher to remove this disappointment, by an improvement in the subsequent parts. We still hope that this will be the most beautiful set of illustrations that have hitherto been made for our great modern poet; and such indeed it ought to be, considering the certainty of the sale, the known talents of the artists, and the ample materials fit for illustration that exist in so many portfolios. With this view, it is hoped that the few strictures here made, in a spirit of fair and honest criticism, will find a place, Mr. Editor, in your journal, which, having for its object the advancement of literature and the arts, must be of real service to the country when it proportions due praise with just criticism, and is not unnecessarily indulgent, or to be led away by a respect for mere names. The artists employed on this work are deservedly high in public estimation, but names are not all we require: care should be taken that the subject be adapted to the particular province of the artist, to his occupations, and to his way of thinking. That such is not the case, is the reason we have to regret, in some of the scenes, the absence of that spirit and truth which we find in nature.

Any one who is acquainted with the climate of Greece, or has formed an idea of it from the vivid descriptions of the poet, (which these Illustrations profess to embody,) will ask, when he observes the two views of Athens, if this is Greece? Mr. Stanfield, we believe, has not visited the south of Europe; but why give the dismal northern skies to the country

Where every season smiles?

The illustrator ought to be guided by the expressed feeling, and the poet he undertakes to

illustrate. Byron talks of the “rainbow tints” of “the bluest sky,” and uses every term that describes the warmth, the glow, and the purity of Grecian landscape. Such gloomy days as are here represented, may be seen even in a country where there is constant fine weather for ten months in the year; but surely the object of a picture is to convey the best idea of the scene, not only in the form, but in the expression of the climate. Such truth we find in Claude's compositions, and in that lies half their charms. In a recent work,† the same just feeling is shown in a subject called ‘Grecian Landscape,’ illustrating an exquisite passage of ‘Childe Harold;’ here the spirit, and the “bella natura” of Greece are classically treated, in a rich harmonious composition; the painter appears worthy of the poet, and the sentiment of both is admirably conveyed in the engraving. When, on the contrary, the representations of scenery not only do not approach, but give an opposite impression to the reality, we experience the disappointment which made Forsyth exclaim—“Oh, these lying prints!”—but he was angry with them for excessive embellishment, whilst we object to these because justice is not done to the beauty that actually exists.

Our landscape painters who have formed their reputations from studies in England, are naturally influenced in their works by the character of our own country, and they with difficulty consent to dismiss from their minds those fine combinations of clouds, and Turner-like effects, to which they have been accustomed. They are greatly influenced, too, by the applause the public have given to these sky effects, whether in the paintings of our own masters or in those of the Dutch and Flemish school.

It is evident, that, from this cause, the style of most of the artists employed in the embellishments of the *Annals* is injured, when they represent southern scenery. A comparison of the successive series of these beautiful works will enable us to observe, that the character of the country becomes each year more and more lost sight of in an ostentatious display of clouds, like Alps, till the scene itself sometimes is of minor consequence, a mere accessory in the composition. There is a ‘View of Naples from the sea,’ in the ‘Landscape Annual’ of the year, which might pass for ‘Dutch Fishing-boats in a breeze.’ Of the many views of this town and its neighbourhood, they are all (the Bay of Baia alone excepted) represented under our own dreary sky. Such days do certainly occur, but they are exceptions, in a country where, to use the words of a modern traveller,‡ “there is a continued return on each successive morning of unchanging lovely weather, where you lie down and rise to the same glorious light.” What we look for in the gay and brilliant Naples, is the warmth of its own sunny climate, not for the cold and gusty rawness of the north.

With greater force do these remarks apply to Greece, because there the atmosphere is, if possible, still more pure, and is evinced to be so by a greater depth of blue in the sea and sky. One of the views of Athens has been given nearly from the same point, by Williams, and it appears to have been the type for this by Mr. Stanfield. It is under the effect of a storm, but is treated with more poetry and feeling, for it is evidently one of those accidental effects in the Mediterranean, from a sudden and violent thunder-storm. The storm is passing over the town, and, by throwing a strong light on the temple of Jupiter Olympius, in the foreground, has given the proper brilliancy to its marble columns. The appearance of the other view is that of habitual bad weather—more suited to Edinburgh or Stirling Castle, than to the Acropolis

† Williams's Views in Greece.

‡ Dr. Bell's Italy.

of Athens. The figures, too, reclining in the foreground, are in direct contradiction, for they seem to be enjoying themselves in the sun. The fact is obvious, that the sketch was made and ought to represent the lovely weather of Athens, where the sun—

(Over his own regions lingering loves to glow.

We cannot bestow more praise on the view of the 'Convent, with the Monument of Lysicrates.' The sketch and the picture are again at variance. We observe, that every object and every projection throws a strong shadow, that the side of the convent is illumined—whence does the light come? there could be no sun in such a sky, which is a dark mass, furrowed like a ploughed field. We regret, that Mr. Page had not made the drawings as well as the sketches. This artist passed a long time in the Levant, has taste in choosing his points of view, and has had ample opportunity of studying the local effects and colouring. He would, at all events, be able to give more faithful representations, than any artist can, who, however high he stands in his profession, wants the feeling from habit and association, for what he has never seen.

We wish to say a few words, before we close our remarks, on the print of 'Ali Pacha.' It is so unworthy the name that appears below it, that we may safely give the performance to a pupil—indeed, there is a want of confidence in the hand, that decides the fact of the authorship of this inferior stippled plate. Having seen and known the Pacha, we can assert, that the character and costume is not more correct than the execution is indifferent. There are very good likenesses of Ali Pacha, correct in drawing and dress; and one by a French artist, M. Dupré, has been published in France and in England.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

No one talks of Literature in these stormy and changeable times. It seems to be utterly forgotten by all but those who in better days lived by it. There are even few books advertised: in a double sheet of the *Times* we did not observe a single volume announced. Literature will gradually sink into pamphlets and papers; for such is the agitated state of the public mind, that no attention is paid to anything but speculations on reform and change of rulers. It is, however, equally our duty and our pleasure to hold fast by the permanent, and to cling to literature and its humanities.

We have said much of what we had to say on Art in our notice of the Exhibition. We before mentioned, that a statue of Canning had been erected at Westminster: it is curious to read the various opinions of the various papers on its merits and defects. With one, it is all elegance and nature: with another, the figure stands in a posture unnatural and absurd: while a third declares it to be far inferior to the statue of Pitt, by Chantrey, in Hanover Square. We have already stated our own opinion of it, which differs from them all. The most remarkable circumstance is, that one of the papers attributed it to Chantrey, and railed at the artist in good set terms for making a statue so unworthy of his fame.

'Robert le Diable' is in preparation, and the chorus-singers are being disciplined by Mr. Harris. We understand that the German artists who did such ample justice to the choruses of the Freischütz on Wednesday night are to execute those in Meyerbeer's opera, with the assistance of several English chorus singers who understand and can pronounce French. We regret to say, that Meyer-

beer must positively leave this country on the 20th, unless information, which he expects from Berlin, shall enable him to defer his departure a few days longer. There is little probability of 'Robert le Diable' being performed before that time; and it is anxiously to be desired, that the composer should be present, at least, on the first representation. The manager has liberally offered to go to any expense that Meyerbeer may desire, in order to get up this opera in a manner worthy of the master, provided the latter will stay. As, however, the possibility of his remaining here depends on circumstances which he cannot control, we think it well to mention, that the distinguished composer has no engagement with Mr. Mason, and came here entirely at his own personal cost, in the hope that he might render some assistance in the bringing out of his opera, and with an anxious wish that the English public should have a fair opportunity of hearing and determining on the merits of his celebrated work.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 10.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Robert Were Fox's paper, entitled 'On certain irregularities in the Magnetic Needle, produced by partial warmth, and the relations which appear to subsist between terrestrial Magnetism and the geological structure and thermo-electrical currents of the Earth,' was resumed and concluded. Lord Northampton, and Archibald John Stephens, Esq., were admitted Fellows of the Society.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

General Anniversary Meeting.

May 4.—Right Hon. Lord Dover in the chair. The chairman, in his annual address, after advertising to the resignation of the Bishop of Salisbury, the late President, proceeded to consider, as a subject of historical and literary interest in accordance with the Society's objects, the question lately brought forward regarding the death of Richard II. King of England.

It is well known that the old account of the manner of that monarch's death, so long implicitly received, viz. that he was slain by Sir Piers of Exton, and his assistants, in Pomfret Castle, has been, for some time, exploded. This account Mr. Amyot has shown, in a paper published in the *Archæologia*, to be incorrect, and at variance with all the contemporary narratives of that event, which agree in ascribing the King's death to voluntary starvation.

In 1829 Mr. Tytler, in his 'History of Scotland,' again raised a controversy upon this subject. At the end of his third volume he has published an elaborate and ingenious essay on the death of Richard II.—since adopted by Sir W. Scott, in his 'History of Scotland,' rejected by Sir James Mackintosh, and answered in the *Archæologia* by Mr. Amyot,—in which his object is, to establish the following statements:—That Richard effected his escape from Pomfret, and being discovered in Scotland by Donald, Lord of the Isles, was sent by him to Robert III., king of that country; by whom, and after that king's decease, by the Duke of Albany, the governor of the kingdom, he was honourably treated; and that he died in Stirling Castle in 1419.

His Lordship, from an elaborate examination of the evidence on which Mr. Tytler founds his opinion of the truth of this narrative, compared with the authorities and arguments brought against it by Mr. Amyot, and in support of the

account previously adopted by the latter, concurs in the disbelief of the fact of King Richard's escape from Pomfret, and in the opinion that he died there, in the manner alleged by the writers whose testimony is adduced by Mr. Amyot.

The noble chairman's address was followed by the Secretary's report of the proceedings of the Society during the last year; the most prominent topics in which were—the state of the Society's funds; the circumstances relating to the resignation of the presidency by the venerable and learned Bishop of Salisbury, and an abstract of papers read at the ordinary meetings. We should be glad to be able to announce a more satisfactory report in regard to the first of these topics.

Since the anniversary of 1831, the Society has suffered severely in its list of members, by death; as the following names of the more eminent members, deceased in the course of the year, will show:

Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Crabbe, Archbishop Magee, M. Champollion, Mr. Bilderdijk (the Dutch poet), Mr. Impey (late the Society's Treasurer), Mr. Duppa, &c. &c.

Some discussion (in which the Bishop of Bristol, the Chairman, Mr. Sotheby, and Mr. Jacob, were the chief speakers), arose, after the reading of the report, respecting the propriety of a further application to His Majesty, for a renewal of the annual payment to the royal associates, granted by King George IV., but no resolution was adopted.

The following elections took place for the ensuing year:—

President: The Right Hon. Lord Dover.

Vice-Presidents: The Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury (late President), his Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Munster, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, the Rev. G. Richards, D.D., William Martin Leake, Esq.

Council: Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir Thomas Philipps, Bart., the Rev. H. H. Baber, W. Bankes, Esq., the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, John Caley, Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), the very Rev. G. Chandler, D.D., the Rev. Henry Clissold (Librarian), Henry Hallam, Esq., Wm. R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary), William Jacob, Esq. (Treasurer), William Jerdan, Esq., F. Madden, Esq., Lewis Hayes Petit, Esq., William Sotheby, Esq.

Treasurer: William Jacob, Esq.—Auditors: David Pollock, Esq., William Tooke, Esq.—Librarian: The Rev. Henry Clissold.—Secretary: The Rev. Richard Cattermole.—Foreign Secretary: W. R. Hamilton, Esq.—Accountant and Collector: Mr. Thomas Paull.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 13.—The President, T. Telford, Esq. in the chair.—A communication from Mr. Sibley was read, being a description of the apparatus put up by him for warming and ventilating the Hanwell Asylum, by means of the circulation of hot water through pipes. Six four-horse high pressure boilers are placed in the basement-story, to each of which is attached, one quarter of a mile in length of four-inch cast iron pipe, which conveys the hot water round the building, and back to the boiler: the arrangement of the pipes, &c. was shown by a drawing.

A model of a steam-boat, on a scale of half an inch to a foot, was placed on the table for illustration, constructed by an eminent ship-builder, of Liverpool: it was stated, that a considerable number of vessels had been built after this model, amongst them the *Hibernia* (a South American boat), the *Lusitania*, and the *St. Patrick* were mentioned. The dimensions are 150 feet from stem to stern, breadth of beam inside,

19 feet 6 inches. The draught of water is 12 feet 6 inches; she carries 80 tons of goods; weight of boiler and machinery being about 120 tons.

Mr. Aitchison's plan and section of the piers of the old London-bridge was laid on the table, and the paper which accompanied it, containing many interesting particulars regarding this ancient structure, was read by the secretary; the subject was further illustrated by a great variety of specimens of timber, stones, and mortar, from the old bridge.

A specimen was produced of South Wales coal (from the Swansea pits), the remarkable fracture of which had been mentioned on a former occasion. The weight of a bushel is from 90 to 93 lbs., a bushel of Newcastle weighing 84 lbs. It was stated to be capable of producing 15 to 20 per cent. more steam than an equal bulk of the last-mentioned coal.

Some fine specimens of petrified wood were received from Mr. Swinbourne, and laid on the table.

Mr. Samuel Hemming, an associate member, was introduced.

Mar. 20.—The President in the chair.—The subject of, 'The Durability of various kinds of Timber under different circumstances,' was resumed, and in connexion with it, the statements made last evening, respecting the materials of Old London Bridge, were taken into consideration. Many important facts which had come under the personal observation of different members, were elicited during the discussion which ensued. The oldest specimen of timber under water which was mentioned, was that of some stakes of oak or elm, from the bed of the River Thames, said to have been driven there by the Ancient Britons, to obstruct the passage of the Roman cavalry under Julius Caesar: the timber was in a fair state of preservation.

On the subject of the Gas Vacuum Engine being introduced, a communication was made of the performance, and also a detailed account of the manner of working one of these engines. The general principle may be stated shortly, as the introduction of gas into a cylinder, so as to be inflated; by the combustion of the atmospheric air, a partial vacuum is created in the cylinder, into which the water rises through a suction pipe, and in part fills it.

Mr. John Buddle was proposed as a corresponding member, and Mr. William Moseley as an associate.

Mar. 27.—The President in the chair.—The durability of various kinds of timber, &c., being continued, it was mentioned as a singular fact, that in the Cornish Copper Mines, the pumps, which are principally of Norway balk, as well as the braces and other timbers, are apt to become unsound, and covered with fungus at the place where they are subjected to the action of the land water above the adit to which the mine-water is pumped, while the parts only exposed to the mine-water, remain perfectly sound and clean. Under the impression, that mine-water possessed the power of destroying the sap or vegetating principle of timber, and thus be found a preservative against the dry rot, a quantity of timber intended for ship-building, was sent from Plymouth some years ago, and steeped in copper-mine water; but the result of this experiment was not yet known.

An analogous experiment was stated to have been tried thirty years ago at Philadelphia, U. S., at which place, a large frigate was built of timber that had been previously boiled in a solution of common salt in water, with the view of increasing its durability; the unexpected consequence was, that in the short space of three years, the ship became unserviceable, from the total decay of her timbers.

Some remarks were made on the application

of the high pressure engine, with tubular boilers, to steam-boats, and accounts were communicated of the performance of some of these engines, in this (new) application of their power.

Mr. Benjamin Hallen was elected an associate.

Mr. William Turnbull's treatise on the strength, flexure, and stiffness of cast-iron beams, was received from the author.

Mr. Henry H. Price, corresponding member, was introduced.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Royal Geographical Society ..Nine, P.M. Medical SocietyEight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Horticultural SocietyOne, P.M. Institution of Civil Engineers ..Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Geological Society½ p. 8, P.M. Royal Society of Literature ..Eight, P.M. Society of Arts½ p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society½ p. 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries.....Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution½ p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Royal Asiatic SocietyTwo, P.M.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES AT MUNICH.

Anniversary—Faraday's latest discovery—President's Tribute to the Memory of Goethe—Martin on the Aborigines of Brazil—Hornmayr on the Bavarians in the East.

Munich, March 28th.

A numerous and most distinguished auditory attended the commemoration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Institution of our Royal Academy, which, according to established usage, held a public sitting on the occasion. The Chevalier Von Schelling, as President, opened the proceedings with a brief comment on the latest discovery made by Mr. Faraday, in which he glanced at the labours and brilliant success of Volta and Galvani, and the effects of accident on the most splendid discoveries. He then delivered a short address, in which he dwelt with great feeling on the death of Goethe, the intelligence of which mournful event had reached this capital but a few hours before. Short as were Schelling's expressions, yet, coming, as they did, unexpectedly, and immediately succeeding topics of a purely scientific nature, they produced a sensation, which I need not attempt to describe.—"These are times," said the President, "in which men of enlarged experience, of resolute soundness of understanding, and of a purity of mind above the very breath of suspicion, lend, by their very existence, a high degree of permanency and weight, to the character of their times. At a period like the present, the literature of Germany, and not merely that literature, but Germany itself, in being deprived of such a man as Goethe, sustains a loss, which may well be classed amongst the severest which could befall it. We have lost one, who, amidst every internal and external convulsion, stood immovable, like a gigantic column, to which the multitude were accustomed to look up, as to a Pharos that diffused a pure and shining light on every pathway of the human mind;—who, opposed by the very constitution of his nature to whatever was allied with anarchy and lawlessness, owed at all times the sway which he exercised over the minds of others, to the sway which truth exercised over his own mind, and his consummate mastery of that vigorous and healthy understanding with which he was endowed;—and in whose mind, eye, and—if I dare add as much—in whose heart, his country never failed to find, under every possible circumstance which related to art or science, poetry, or active life, a depth and solidity of judgment, which were the emanation of superior wisdom, and a final award, that conciliated every conflicting feeling and opinion. Amidst every domestic struggle, our

country continued rich and powerful in mind, so long—AS GOETHE LIVED!"

The President was followed by Dr. Martin, the fellow-traveller of the late Academician Von Spix, whose investigations, conjointly with Von Martins, have led to one of the most valuable publications which we possess on the Brazils. He read a memoir on 'The state of the legal customs among the aborigines of the Brazils,' in which, however, his main object appeared to be that of showing, that the Red-race are on the eve of extinction; and that human kind, such as they are found in what is denominated the New World, do not consist of a modern generation; but that they are the relics of a state of civilization, which has ceased to exist for thousands of years.

The next speaker was Baron Von Hornmayr, who, as a prelude to his contemplated 'History of Bavaria,' on last year's anniversary, had discoursed on the ancestry of the Royal House of Bavaria, and in 1830, on the *Monumenta Boica*. Following up this design, he now spoke of 'The Bavarians in the East,' dwelt upon the part which they took in all the Crusades, their memorable pilgrimages and voyages of discovery, and their share in the deliverance of Hungary from the Turks, as well as in the recent emancipation of Greece. His panegyric and remarks on the latter of these topics, were received with a cordiality of feeling, which the presence of the Grecian Sovereign elect, Prince Otto, a youth of great promise, greatly contributed to enhance.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THIS is the Sixty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Academy; it contains in all 1229 works of art—of these, 121 are pieces of sculpture, probably as many more are belonging to architecture, leaving a vast residue to painting. In all these departments of art, there are productions of high merit; some charm us by their quiet grace and their tranquil beauty, some by their pure and unmingled nature—transcripts from society or the field; some please us by the splendour of their colours, by their fine light and shade; others are remarkable for scientific severity; a few have history stamped upon them; and some dozen or so are allied to poetry, by the verse which they seek to embody, or nobler still, by a visible feeling and fancy of their own. Poetry and history, however, are still less worshipped than we could wish: it is true that inspiration is not a common gift to the sons of men: when all those who write mere verses, and those who make legs and arms, and heads, and habits, are subtracted from the sum total of the ranks of genius, the children of true inspiration will be found to be few in number. Turner, and Jones, and Etty, and Howard, and Hilton, and Wilkie, and Leslie, and Calcott, and probably one or two more, have distinguished themselves by works allied or belonging to poetry and history; we would say, that the 'Italy' of TURNER, and the 'Three Children' of JONES, are the highest, or at least the purest, efforts of imagination in the place; and that the 'John Knox' of WILKIE, and the 'Catherine and Petruccio' of LESLIE, are the pictures which will be most admired, because they unite the low with the lofty, and address themselves to all qualities of mind and all conditions of society. We have not forgotten in this hasty estimate, either Howard or Etty, the latter of whom has painted a wild "Imagination," such as the eminent painters loved to sketch of old, but it hovers so near the border land, which separates fancy from absurdity, that we must with reluctance

For the only notice of the third volume of this work which has yet appeared in England, see *Athenæum*, No. 223.

tance exclude the splendid error from our list. The landscapes are numerous, one hundred and fifty or so, and many of them excellent: Turner we have already praised; Callcott is little behind Turner in imagination, and equal to him in every thing else, and, moreover, has more variety in his works this season than we have ever seen before; the younger Daniell has some charming Indian scenes, which we wish we could buy, particularly the Hirkarrah Camel and his dromedary-like rider—a little thing of singular beauty; Collins continues to add to his well-earned reputation, by his fine sea-side scenes and his fish-like fishermen; Arnold too has some notable things. In that department of art, which lies between the high historical and the domestic, there are many pictures of singular beauty: Cooper has not forgotten his skill in skirmishing, and in the sterner toils of battle—there are some glorious bits of colour, and life, and character, scattered through his compositions; Allan has nature equal to any one, and colour surpassing all his former efforts; his *'Sir Walter Scott in his Armoury,'* is painted with such skill and care, that the nearer the view the fairer is the picture. Edwin Landseer has several pictures, such as the *'Two Pets,'* and the *'Heron and Falcon,'* surpassed by nothing but nature: Mulready has a small work, but that is no matter, he has the art of saying much in little: Newton has left us something to remember him by; but perhaps one of the most successful things of the kind, is *'Rustic Civility,'* by COLLINS.

Of portraits, the amount is enormous, nor are there many of great excellence; out of the 563 which we counted, there are perhaps not more than an hundred uniting elevation of character with that elegant ease, clear depth of colour, and scientific skill of handling, which distinguish the best paintings. Phillips and Pickersgill have several portraits, which are certainly not surpassed, if equalled, by any in the Exhibition. Wilkie has painted a likeness of His Majesty, which surprises by the depth and vigour and harmony of the colouring, and the President exhibits some capital heads; on the whole, however, portrait has descended a point or two compared to former Exhibitions. In architecture there is less too, we think, to commend than formerly: Gandy has made a stair to heaven, and other artists have given restorations of antique temples and towns. The sculpture-room contains a number of excellent works: we wonder, however, that any artist of taste can think of placing a work of genius in such "a dark opprobrious den;" the room is so ill-lighted and so small, that nothing can be seen to advantage—nothing, indeed, as it really is. Chantrey's fine statue of Canning, shows its legs at the expense of its head; and though we knew it to be the same work we had seen in the sculptor's study, yet the change for the worse made it look so different, that it fell fifty per cent. in our estimation. In the present disastrous situation of the country, with a question which, like a disturbed ghost, no conjuring can settle, we cannot hope for a new building worthy of receiving the labours of our artists: this is the more to be deplored, as a love of art is spreading far and wide, and works of merit are growing annually more numerous. We shall now proceed and describe as clearly as we can a few of the principal works, taking them as they are numbered.

1. *'Death of Sir John Moore, K.B.,'* JONES, R.A.—The hero of Corunna is represented dying, surrounded by his principal officers, Anderson, Colborne, Napier, Percy, and Stanhope. A highlander soldier or two look mournfully on, and not the least interested in the scene, is a Spanish chief, whose broad hat and swarthy face contrast finely with the fairer islanders. The colouring is natural, and the

grouping good; but the heroic sentiment, necessary for such an event, is less to our liking.

2. *'Sunset at Camogli, a small Sea-port near Genoa,'* CALLCOTT, R.A.—This is a fine mixture of sea and shore. The former is, perhaps, the most natural representation of salt water that we ever saw in art; the hue is of that kind, known among the vulgar by the name of bottle-green, the exact colour of old ocean, when his waves are gently agitated: there are ships in the bay, and people on shore, all very beautifully done—but commend us to the sea.

15. *'Portrait of General Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief,'* PICKERSGILL, R.A.—Here we have great depth of colour and truth of character; our praise can go no farther; it has been the pleasure of nature to make this distinguished leader too stout in body for being graceful, and it has been the pleasure of the artist to show all this, by painting him in tight close-buttoned regimentals. With how much skill as well as propriety could the painter have found a remedy in a military cloak.

20. *'An Inaam-barrak, or Mausoleum of a Mahometan High Priest, at Sassurem, in the Province of Bahar, East Indies,'* W. DANIELL, R.A.—The paintings of Daniell are generally of an eastern character, and, in colour and handling, quite original. They seem all to have been limned under an eastern sky: the air is rarefied by the heat of the sun; the shade of the trees is unlike that of our ungenial clime; and there is a picturesque splendour in the buildings, and a luxuriance in the flowers, such as we find nowhere else. As we like the enjoyment of new sensations, we usually look at these eastern scenes first.

28. *'The Fair Maid of Perth—St. Valentine's Morn,'* ALLAN, A.—This northern artist has usually but one or two works in our Exhibition; and we are grieved for this the more, because his paintings are full of nature and original character. He sometimes, it is true, mingles clumsiness with elegance, and is too fastidious about detail, but on the whole he leaves an impression on the mind which is slow in passing away. The painting of the Fair Maid of Perth has many beauties and few faults; among its beauties we reckon, besides the general air of the picture and the fine light and shade, the honest and gladsome face of the old Glover, who sees with such unfeigned joy the affection of his beautiful daughter for the renowned Harry Wynd. The smith, we must confess, resembles the description of Scott too closely: the magical skill of the writer enabled him to make an excellent rustic hero out of very clumsy materials, as regards exterior; the pencil has attempted a fac-simile from the pen, and we cannot praise it: the art of Scott was laid out on the mind; the art of Allan was necessarily laid out on the body as well as intellect: and what sympathy have we for heroes long of the arm and short in the body?

29. *'Rustic Civility,'* COLLINS, R.A.—A picture much to our liking in all things. Three peasant children have been gathering sticks, and are come to a gate, towards which, a rider of rank approaches—the youngest squats unconcerned on the ground, while the eldest, with a singular mixture of bashfulness and awe in his face, puts his hand to where his hat should be, and makes an obeisance with his looks. Now we could not describe the work, without speaking of the rider, but the artist has told all that we have told, and more, without painting him.

37. *'Battle of Naseby, a Sketch,'* ARNOLD.—We always encourage as much as we may, all artists who venture upon the hazardous line of the historical; there is an animation in this picture, which reminds us of Cooper, and much of which Cooper need not be ashamed: it is but justice, however, to the latter artist, to say,

that he painted and exhibited a picture from the same passage in history, some six or seven years ago. The whole was admirable, save the Earl of Carnwath, who was on horseback, in Highland kilts; now, the Scotsman was a Lowlander, and had no more right to the kilt, than a Londoner has to a leek on St. David's day.

52. *'Scene in the Isle of Wight,'* W. DANIELL.—There is nothing eastern here, but much that is of our own stormy coast. The sea is agitated; the waves, in one long continuous undulating swell, are throwing the foam, and ejecting weeds far up the rocks, and over the beach.

61. *'The Ruined Tomb,'* CALLCOTT, R.A.—The sun, almost unseen, is shedding its light far over sea and shore, and down a valley, where on every side arise the ruins of an ancient city. A time-worn tomb stands by the way side, over which some peasants are leaning, ruminating on the uncertainty of all things human. The scene is a fine one, and not in Callcott's usual manner.

62. *'Portraits of Lady Cooté and Child,'* PICKERSGILL, R.A.—One of the best and loveliest works in the Exhibition. The lady, though not so young as she has been, has a maternal beauty in her looks, which is sufficient for all the purposes of fine painting; she indulges her babe in her bosom, as if such sweet office were nothing new to her; but the child is a lovely one, and much becomes the mother. We looked long on this charming work.

67. *'Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology, Oxford,'* PHILLIPS, R.A.—This we consider an admirable painting, as well as a wonderful likeness; there is an air of manliness and vigour about the work, which we see too little of in this department of art. The Professor stands meditating, with the fossil skull of some extinct species of animal in his hand; his look is full of meaning, and there is an evident connexion between his thoughts and the text-book in his hand.

68. *'Medea meditating the Murder of her Children,'* HOWARD.—There is a sad untroubled beauty in the mother, and a quiet loveliness in the children, which unite in forming a picture singularly affecting.

70. *'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy,'* TURNER, R.A.—This is one of the noblest landscapes of our gifted artist; it has all the poetry of his best pictures, with all the true natural colouring of his less imaginative compositions. We sat down before it, and felt deeply moved by the far extending glory of the scene: we behold for hundreds of miles, at least we imagined so, the most glorious vallies, the most gorgeous ruins, the most picturesque hills, and in the centre of all, a broad river, spanned by an antique bridge—but, such a bridge!—one constructed in the infancy of Italian empire: and such a river!—so broad, so deep, and so clear; here shaded by innumerable trees, there showing the shadows of ruined temples on its bosom, whilst in other places it flowed broad and silvery in the light of the sky.

[To be continued.]

The Byron Gallery. Part I. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

WE are a little in arrears in this department of our paper, but we cannot defer, even for another week, to make honourable mention of this beautiful work. It is got up in the very finest taste, and, seemingly without consideration of expense. The present number contains illustrations of the *'Bride of Abydos,'* *'Manfred,'* *'The Two Foscari,'* *'Don Juan,'* and *'Beppo,'* from the pencils of Richter, Corbould, Stothard, and J. P. Davis; engraved by W. Finden, Romney, Portbury, E. Finden, and Goodyear. Richter's first picture was noticed by us a short time since; Corbould has exceeded our expectations; Stothard is always interesting and delightful;

Richter's *Lovers* is truly a most sweet picture, and Davis has been eminently successful. All the engravings are good; and, indeed, we have not often seen a work more deserving public patronage, and the price brings it within the reach of most persons.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE performances on Saturday and Tuesday must have grievously disappointed the public—thrice have Rosa Mariani and Grisi been announced—and it is only now expected, that they will make their début this evening in Pacini's opera seria, 'Gli Arabi.' From mawkish Italian singers and vapid Italian music, we turn with extreme delight to the admirable execution of 'Der Freischütz,' by the German company, on Thursday last. The three principal characters by De Meric, Heitzinger (a pleasing tenor), and Pellegrini (a bass), have been ably sustained by Mrs. Wood, Messrs. Brahm and Phillips, in the English version; but here all comparison must end. The second soprano, Madlle. Schneider, sang and acted with such naïveté, as gave an interest and importance to a part, which has never been at all adequately represented on the English stage. Such an *ensemble* in concerted and choral dramatic music was never heard in this country, and we seriously advise Mr. Mason immediately to enlist the services of Herr Schellard, the Kapellmeister, for the Italian operas. Although the orchestra was weak, the principal performers being engaged at the Antient Concerts, the perfect execution of the music was miraculous, and could only be attributed to the skilful and maestro-like conducting of this gentleman.

ANTIEN CONCERTS.

THE Earl of Derby's selection for the seventh Concert, consisted of some fine choral music, from the sacred works of Haydn, a sinfonia of Mozart, and several standard compositions of excellence, by the old masters. The Duke of Cumberland's determination to abide by old laws and ancient custom, was again pretty evident in his selection for the eighth Concert, which was the dullest of the season, and did not contain a single vocal piece by Haydn or Mozart. At both Concerts, the brilliant powers of Mrs. Wood, or some equally eminent vocalist, would have been a most acceptable addition. The instrumental performance was most perfect and effective.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

A ballad opera, called 'The Tyrolese Peasant,' was brought out here on Tuesday last. It will have a run, if it makes haste to run in again—otherwise not. As a drama, it is entitled to take rank immediately behind the feeblest previously produced. Feeble is so truly the word for it, that, to deal roughly with it in the way of criticism, would be almost like striking a woman. There is no active offence in it beyond the ultra-French absurdity of the main incident—the blindness of the old man; but, with reference to this, it is really puzzling to pronounce which is the more ridiculous,—the way in which he becomes so, or the way in which he is cured. The piece seems to be a poor translation from a poor French original. It is a thin soup made from the bones of 'Clari.' It is attributed to a gentleman who has done so much better before, that we will not mention his name, for fear of doing him wrong. After waiting so long for Mr. Bishop to break silence in the way of composition, it is truly lamentable to find him doing so in a piece which no one, who knows the inside of a theatre from the out, could, as it appears to

us, seriously think would, at best, do more than escape condemnation. Mr. Bishop's music has enabled it to do this, but nothing can make it attractive. There are three very pretty ballads, and there would, most probably, have been a fourth, but for Miss Pearson's introduction of one by some inferior hand. The rest of the music is creditable to the composer; but, without making any charge of direct plagiarism, we sincerely wish he would write more like himself, and less in the style of other people. Mr. Templeton took great pains, and obtained considerable applause; and Mr. Seguin sang his music steadily, but he advances slowly in his acting.

MISCELLANEA

Anniversary of the Literary Fund.—The dinner, though not numerous, was well attended, and the report of the treasurers every way satisfactory. The political excitement of the day (Wednesday) was made manifest, as the usual healths were drank;—a circumstance more to be regretted than wondered at. Meyerbeer was present, but, with a modesty natural to genius, declined the honour of a seat at the president's table, to which, by courtesy, he was entitled, and dined with some friends among the company; but, on the removal of the cloth, it became known to Dr. Croly (one of the registrars), that this distinguished foreigner was present; and he came immediately, accompanied by Sir John Malcolm, to invite him to the upper table. The composer's health was afterwards drunk with enthusiasm, and he returned thanks in a very neat speech.

Cheap Literature.—Since our last, half a dozen new publications have made their appearance. We have the *Halfpenny Magazine*, the *True Halfpenny Magazine*, and the *Halfpenny Library* now before us; they are all creditable, but the *Halfpenny Library* is excellent. A *Halfpenny Supplement* is, it appears, to be given every month, and the first will contain "a complete history of England, illustrated with portraits of every British Sovereign!" We recommend this work to the especial protection of all who dislike monopolies; it is better than the *Penny Magazine*, besides containing considerably more matter, and at one half the price. As the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge can have no other object than to circulate wholesome and cheap literature, we trust this work will have their patronage and support; that they will give to the publication the sanction of their name, and lend their copyright works and engravings to the publisher on the same terms as to Mr. Knight. We recommend the proprietor to make immediate application.—[We think it necessary to state, in consequence of a very absurd report, originating, perhaps, in the accident of the *Halfpenny Library* being published at our former Office, that we have no interest in that publication, nor even a knowledge of any person connected with it.]

Frame Tablets.—We noticed some time since the introduction by Messrs. Vizetelly & Branson of these frame tablets, for mounting drawings and engravings. We have now seen specimens in gold that are truly beautiful, and we recommend our lady artists, who desire to show off their own tasty works to the best advantage, to look at them immediately: they will be delighted.

The Royal Library at Paris has sustained further losses by theft, consisting of a quantity of MSS. on paper and parchment. The French feeling of respect for public institutions would seem to be on the decline.

Population of Warsaw.—According to a recent census, Warsaw now contains only 113,953 inhabitants. As the population before the revolution amounted to 150,000, it follows that this dreadful struggle cost the capital of Poland

alone, 35,000 inhabitants. It is computed, that out of these, 10,000 died of the cholera and malignant fevers, 5000 in battle, and that the remainder are dispersed, and become wanderers on a foreign soil. There are now one-eighth more females than males; and the Jews form one fifth of the whole population.

Signs of the Times.—From 250 to 300 marriages per month are said usually to take place at Paris; but last month they only amounted to twenty-five!

Dutch Parsimony.—A German clergyman, who lately travelled in Holland and England for the purpose of raising contributions for the support of his impoverished church, relates the following characteristic anecdote:—A Dutch merchant very readily presented him with fifty florins; but, perceiving that he at the same time cast a rueful glance at the canvas bag which contained the money, the clergyman said, "I shall send you the bag back again."—"I thank you sincerely," said the Hollander, with a smile of satisfaction; "do so, if you please; bags are very scarce."

A mechanic at Marseilles, on reading the Prefect's notice to the public, enjoining the assembled citizens to return to their occupations, exclaimed, "That is soon done: we have only to fold our arms!"—*Corsaire.*

European Population.—A German periodical (*Hesperus*) contains some very fanciful speculations on the causes which affect population, from which we have selected the following particulars: The increase and decrease of marriages in a country are naturally influenced by great events, such as peace and war, public prosperity and public calamities, famine and disease; but, here we are told, that political feelings exercise an influence: thus, in Prussia, the number of marriages was greatly increased after the expulsion of the French. During the years 1817, 1818 and 1819, when the political prospects of that country were in their zenith, 1 person was married in 98; in the subsequent years the numbers again fell to 1 in 108, 1 in 111, and 1 in 118. In France, from the year 1815 to 1822, the number of marriages was much less than before the Revolution, although the population was greater by several millions. After 1817, the number of annual marriages increased by about 8,000, and continued stationary at that rate till 1821; but, in 1822, after the evacuation of the country by foreign troops, the number quickly rose by 26,000, and, in the ensuing year, even by 40,000. But it again declined during the obnoxious administration of Villele, and again increased after the overthrow of his ministry. Even in Russia, from 70 to 80,000 couples less than usual were married in 1812.

The proportion of deaths among children under 5 years, is also remarkable, as it seems to keep pace with the degree of education and comfort of the inhabitants. It is smallest in the large towns; and would be smaller still, if it were not for those who die in workhouses and hospitals, deserted by their parents.

The degree of fertility of marriages seems to vary between 3,500 and 5,500 children to 1,000 couples. The author, from an average of more than 77 millions of births, and 17 millions of marriages, all extending over a period of several years, comes to some results, from which we shall extract two or three of the most interesting. To a thousand marriages, there were born in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies . . . 5,546 children
In France . . . 4,148
In England . . . 3,565
In Zealand . . . 3,439

The Two Sicilies and Zealand being the extremes. Marriages appear to be less prolific, as the countries lie nearer to the north.

A fourth point of importance in these investigations, is the growing excess of males over fe-

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males, since the general peace; which, if correctly stated, is not a little alarming, and seems to make a periodical return of war an indispensable evil. Thus, in Russia, the increase of males over females, in 15 years, was 804,453; in France, 347,254; in Prussia, 69,704; in Naples, 25,796; in Bavaria, 8398; in Bohemia, 69,172; in Sweden, 15,195; in Württemberg, 6877; in Hesse, 3361; in Nassau, 6484;—briefly, in a total population of 101,707,212, an excess of 1,356,754 males. If this proportion be applied to all Europe, with a population of 215 millions, the excess of males would amount, in the same period of peace, to 2,700,000. In the southern provinces of Russia, near the Caucasus, in the two Americas, and at the Cape of Good Hope, the disproportion is still greater.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & M.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 3	62 46	29.05	W to SW	Rain, A.M.
Fr. 4	53 39	29.45	E.	Cloudy.
Sat. 5	62 48	29.85	S.W.	Iditto.
Sun. 6	68 54	Stat.	S.W.	Iditto.
Mon. 7	73 46	Stat.	SW to W.	Clear.
Tues. 8	73 40	29.86	W. to N.	Iditto.
Wed. 9	55 37	30.05	N.W. to N.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus.

Nights and mornings fair during the latter half of the week. Thunder, A.M., on Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 46°.
Day increased on Wednesday, 7 h. 32 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Return of the Victors, a Poem, by William Dailey.

Mr. G. Sanders has just designed and engraved an Illustration of Scripture—The Token of the Covenant. The Translator of the Tour of a German Prince is now translating the Correspondence of Schiller and Goethe. To adapt it to the English taste, large omissions will be made.

The Rev. E. Squire is preparing a new edition of his Exercises for Greek Verse, which will be ready very shortly.

Early next month, will appear the Literary Pantheon, or, a Series of Dissertations on Theological Literature, Moral, and Controversial Subjects, by Robert Carr and Thomas Swinburn Carr.

An interesting volume is announced to appear shortly, entitled, Popular Zoology, containing the Natural History of the Quadrupeds and Birds in the Zoological Gardens, with numerous Authentic Anecdotes; intended as a Manual for Schools and Families, and a complete Guide for Visitors; and to contain upwards of 160 embellishments.

Mr. Charles Seacer, of Teignmouth, has in the press, an improved Translation of Simon's Smaller Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon.

Just subscribed.—Meek's Recognition, 3s.—Plumbe on Diseases of the Skin, 8vo. 15s.—England on the Kidneys, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Europe in 1830-1, 2nd edit. 18s.—Cobbin's Annual Historian, 1831, 18mo. 4s.—Draper's Bible Story-Book, 8th edit. 32mo. 3s.—Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, with the Fragments by the late Mr. C. Taylor, imp. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—The Works of the late Rev. A. Fuller, 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 6s.—Mudie's Emigrant's Pocket Companion, 6s.—Serle's Charis, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Vincent's God's Terrible Voice in the City, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Fifty-four Scriptural Studies, by the Rev. C. Bridges, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—History of France, Spina, with a Preface by John Roynder, Esq., 18mo. 1l. 6d.—Rebecca, or the Times of Primitive Christianity, by the Rev. A. G. H. Hollingsworth, 10s.—Mundy's Pen and Pencil Sketches, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.—The Agamemnon of Æschylus, by J. S. Harford, 8vo. 18s.—Lardner's Euclid, 3rd edit. 8vo. 9s.—Harwitz's Hebrew Elements, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d.—A New Description of the Earth, by J. Taylor, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Fair of May Fair, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Noble's Rudiments of the Hebrew Language, 12mo. 5s.—Clancy's History of the Cholera at Sunderland, 7s. 6d.—Snide's Parochial Sermons, 12mo. 6s.—Newton's Introduction to Astronomy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Indian Recollections, by J. Statham, 7s. 6d.—Lessons on Objects, 3rd edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Marsh on the Decalogue, 6s.—The Radical, an Autobiography, by the Author of The Member, 12mo. 12s. 5s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents must excuse us until next week. The continuation of the article on Capt. Mundy's 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' gives place this week to other novelties—and the Water Colour Exhibition, to the Royal Academy.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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See also *Athenæum*, same date.

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